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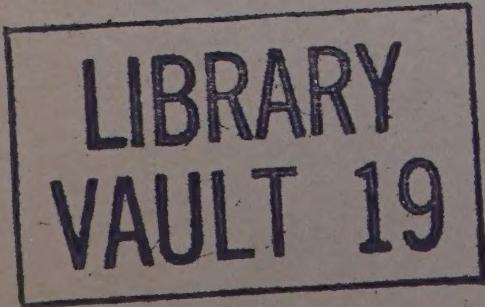
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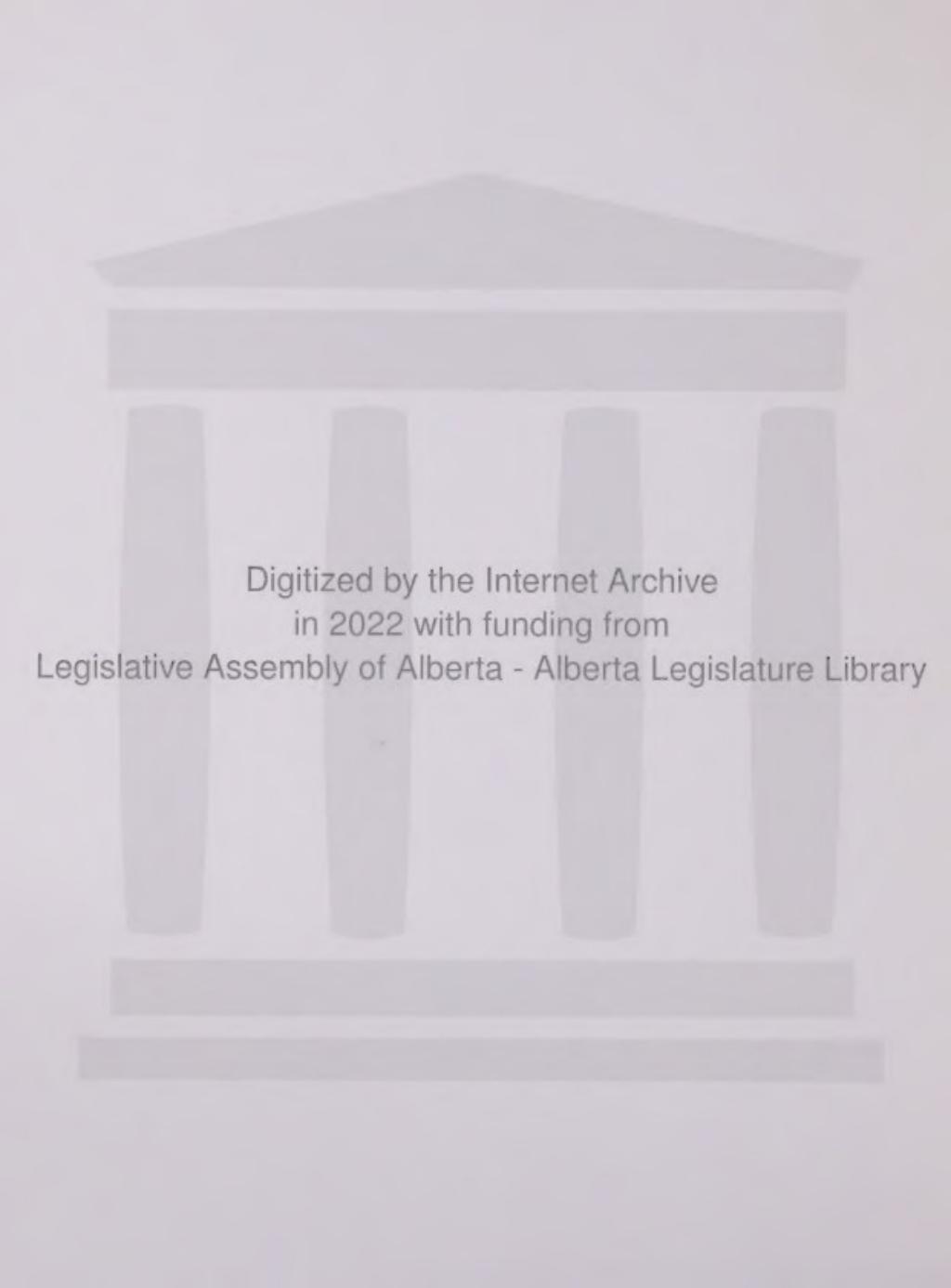


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THE
Correspondent
1924-1949





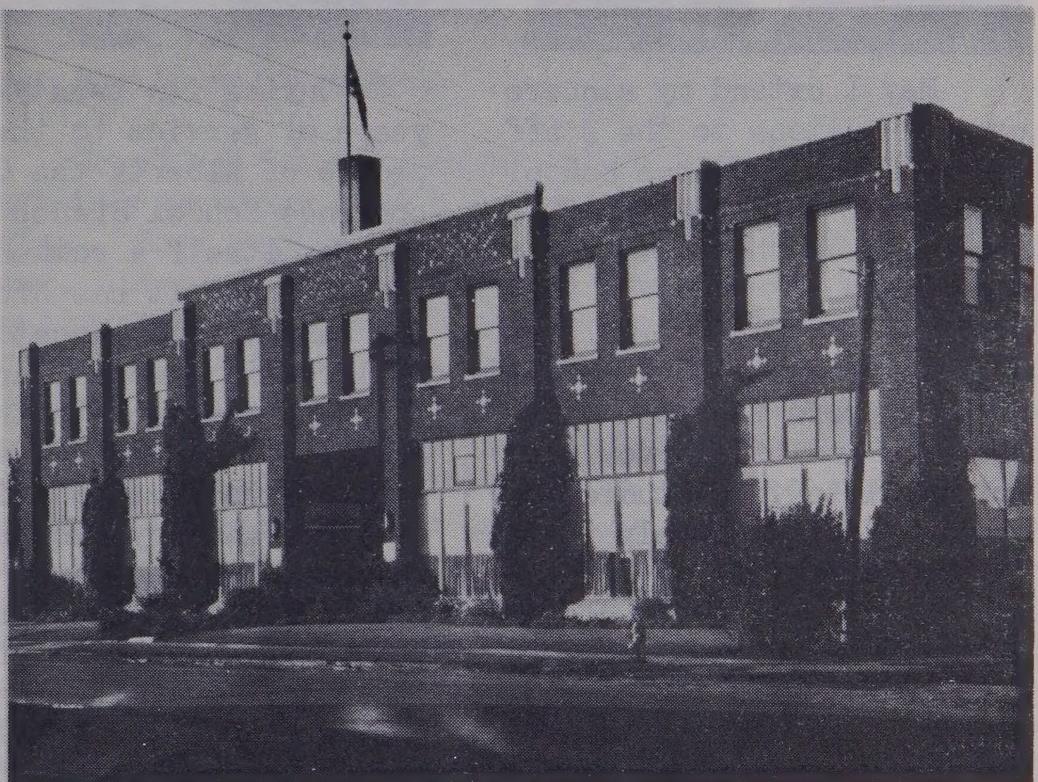
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THE CORRESPONDENT

Silver Jubilee Number

1924-1949



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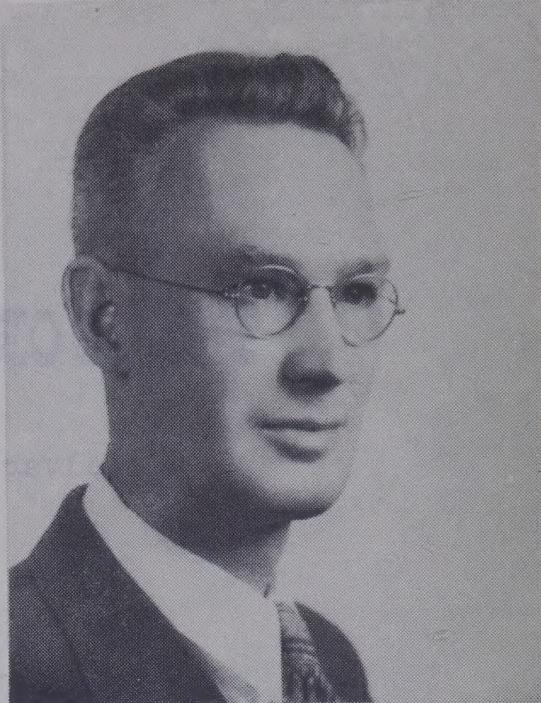
LLC CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL BRANCH
LLC DEPARTMENT OF EDUCATION
Edmonton, Alberta



May I extend my sincere congratulations to the staff of the Correspondence School Branch for their splendid service over the past twenty-five years.

To the students enrolled may I express the hope that the time and effort you are putting into your studies may be of benefit and help to you in the future.

The extra work put into this training is indeed commendable and it is my hope that your efforts may be crowned with success.



During its twenty-five years of service to the young people of Alberta the Correspondence School Branch has won for itself a commendable reputation. It has brought the benefits of education to children in remote places, to those confined to their homes, to teen-agers far from a high school, to multitudes of girls and boys whose schools were without teachers, and to adults for self-improvement. Despite the barriers of distance and anonymity the staff has developed skillfully the art of personalizing its service.

The Department of Education as a whole pays tribute to this most valuable branch.

Ivan Lees

Minister of Education

W.H. Swift

Deputy Minister



Mr. G. F. Bruce

was Acting Director 1942-1944, and again 1945-1946. He has been Director since the summer of 1946.

Dear Pupils and Students:

Greetings to all pupils and students of our school! Certainly no other school in Alberta has such wide boundaries. Some pupils live as many as thirty miles from a town, others live in a caboose which moves with a road construction gang, still others are in hospital or required to remain at home for health reasons, while half a dozen or more are in far-off countries to which parents have moved from Alberta; most of you live at home and attend supervised centers where persons who are not trained teachers help you as well as they can to complete the lessons and to develop as all children should. Wide as is the breadth of distance, so wide is the variety of students: from a beginner in grade one to a university graduate student in law, who wishes to review his Latin; from a high school student taking one particular subject to one who is courageously struggling to obtain a full thirty-five credits toward a high school diploma. Did you ever think that you were one of an enrolment of nearly 12,000 such pupils and students?

I know from experience what it is like to continue studies by correspondence. For this reason I can understand your difficulties more clearly. I know how hard it is to stick to it and I also know the thrill of receiving back a good lesson with words of praise. I say "hats off" to correspondence pupils and students who, in spite of all their difficulties, struggle on with grim determination and see their job through to a happy conclusion. Some people today pine wistfully for evidence of the courage

of our pioneers. Correspondence instructors are fortunate: they see the grim determination of the makers of Alberta showing itself in the lessons of thousands of pupils and students. And they look to you with joy, knowing that the spirit of our pioneers lives on abundantly in this form.

*Best wishes to you all,
G.J. Bruce*

Correspondence School Branch 1924 - 1949

In the late Autumn of 1923 the Minister of Education announced that correspondence lessons would be sent out to "children living on lands that were not organized in school districts". Soon after the New Year more than one hundred families had applied for courses. The school grew steadily until by 1936 approximately one thousand pupils were getting their education through this Branch. These children lived too far from the nearest school or were physically unable to attend school. Some were patients in the Junior Red Cross Hospital or in some other hospital in the city.

During the first twelve to fifteen years, the possibilities of correspondence methods were not fully appreciated. The grants given to provide courses were very small and only plain unattractive outlines and exercises could be sent out to the children.

The courses that were provided to pupils of Grades IX - XII were sent out, subject to the approval of the Department of Education, by private educational institutions. It was decided in 1939, however, to provide a complete service for the whole twelve grades. Consequently, in the Fall of 1939 Grade IX correspondence courses were prepared and marked by the staff of the Correspondence School Branch. Each succeeding year courses for another grade were added, until in September 1942 courses for pupils and students of Grades I - XII were sent out by the Correspondence School Branch. The total enrolment by that year reached approximately 4,990.

A teacher shortage was somewhat noticeable in 1943 in a few areas, and an experiment with correspondence courses was undertaken. This proved to be so successful and the shortage of teachers became so acute that in the school year 1945-46, the Correspondence School Branch attempted to provide lesson material to and correct the lessons of more than seventeen thousand pupils and students. This made it quite impossible to maintain a close friendly connection with each individual pupil.

124178

We are very happy to report that many more pupils are again able to enjoy the benefits of classroom instruction. Last year, 1948-49, our total enrolment was ~~7,560~~. We expect another drop of ten to twenty per cent in enrolment in Grades I to IX.

The Correspondence School Branch, however, will continue to help hundreds of children who live too far from school, to get an education, to give assistance to children who for health reasons cannot attend school, to offer courses to high school students who cannot take some particular subject at school, and provide educational facilities to adults young and old who wish to continue their formal education.

To all our students we extend a welcome. If you find it possible to continue your studies in a classroom, we shall be happy; if you wish to continue studies by correspondence in any grade, we are always willing and happy to help you. We are confident that there will always be a part for the Correspondence School Branch to fill in helping four to five thousand persons annually, in the furtherance of their formal education.



Elizabeth
Sievwright
1924-1930



Sadie
Robinson
1930-1939



John W.
Chalmers
1939-1946

Mr. Chalmers was on Active Service 1942-1944, Post-Graduate Studies 1945-1946.

ELEMENTARY

SECTION

VI SP

ART

MUSIC

WRITING

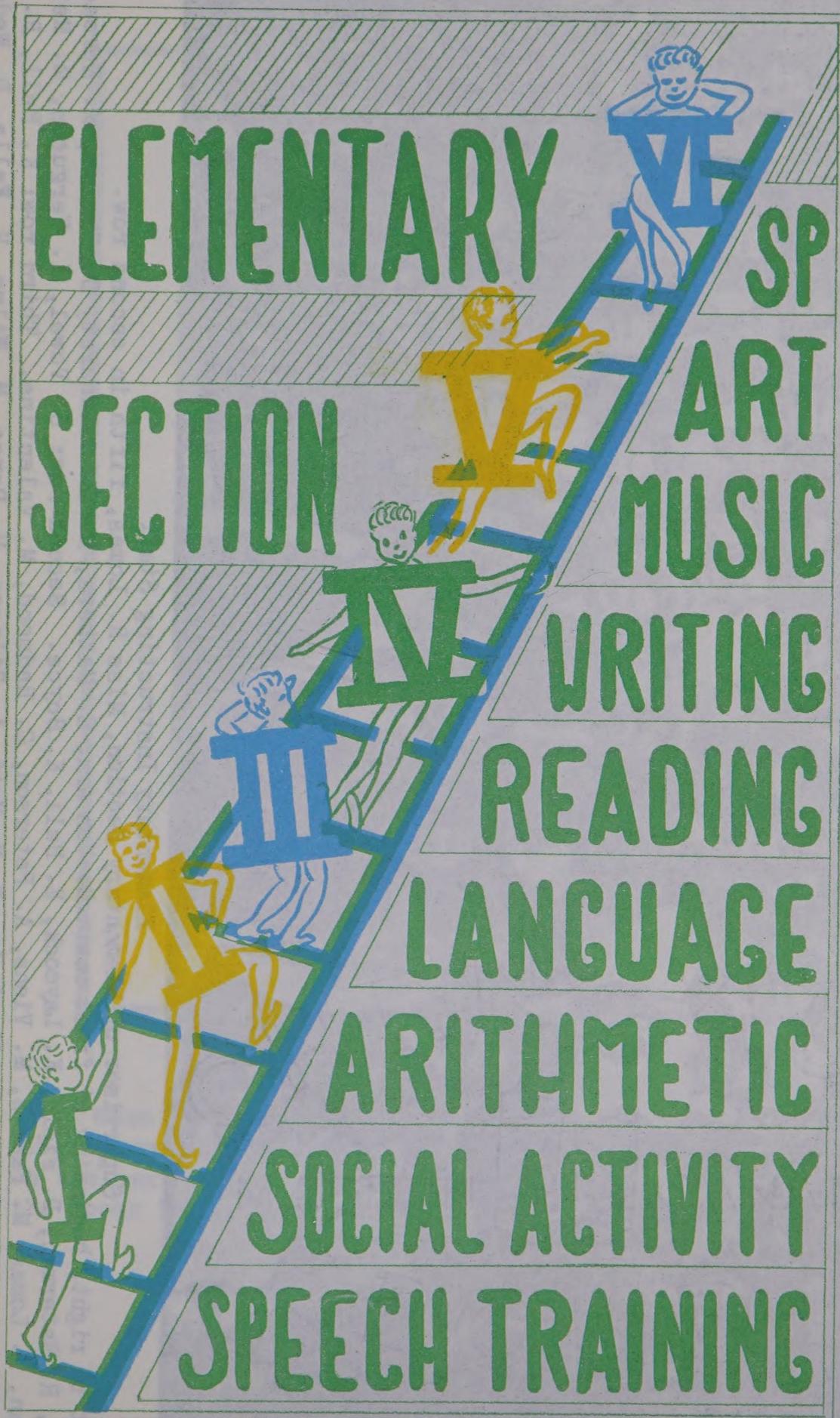
READING

LANGUAGE

ARITHMETIC

SOCIAL ACTIVITY

SPEECH TRAINING





Elementary Instructing Staff

Supervisor of Elementary Section, Miss R. Lomas, fifth in second row. From left to right, beginning at front row: M. Von Arx, E. Mathers, L. Swindlehurst, O. Chonko, M. Keroack, W. Wendt, R. Waterman, D. Field, K. Laycock, E. Ball, K. Boyce. Second row: C. Vowel, I. Ferguson, M. Meiklejohn, C. Breckan, R. Lomas, M. Fawkes, M. Viens, A. Peterson, C. Redmond, M. Valentine. Third row: K. Bell, R. Marshall, J. Gummesson, E. Farley, B. Slevinsky, P. MacNutt, A. Stinson, M. Demco, M. Wilms, V. Falla, D. Wedder, M. Bury, A. McLaughlin. Fourth row: K. Bourcier, V. Syrotuck, M. Hardy, B. Hall, G. Sanderson, E. Murray, M. Smith, E. Frith, C. Cook, E. Broen, A. Schell, M. Harvey, M. Beere, G. Ward. Top row: M. Dean, A. Stretch, J. Barnett, G. Wallace, M. Warde, E. Harkness, E. Frederickson, D. Henkel, M. McCarty, S. Johnston, C. Petaski, M. Farnall.

S. K. ROBINSON MEMORIAL LIBRARY



In loving memory of
Sadie K. Robinson who
from 1921 to 1948 faithfully
helped many children
to obtain an education.

When you receive a story book from the Memorial Library you will notice this book plate at the beginning. On the next page of our magazine you may read more about the books in our newest library.

On the Bookshelf

In honor of Miss S. K. Robinson who was, until this year, in charge of Grades I-VI we have begun a Memorial Library. In it are many books which you boys and girls who are studying at home, often in far-away parts of Alberta, may borrow.

In this library are several books having large print and almost full-page pictures. These will be fun for the smaller boys and girls to read. One such book is called "Billy and Blaze". Billy and Blaze are wonderful friends and have some grand adventures together. Then there is a book called "Curious George". Curious George is a monkey who gets into exciting scrapes. We are sure you will all love the story of "The Five Hundred Hats of Bartholomew Cubbins". Bartholomew really has a worrisome time for awhile. However it all turns out beautifully in the end.

There are books that Mother may read to you; books such as "Winnie the Pooh" and "English Fairy Tales". For bigger boys there is a book called "The Black Stallion", and another of a red hound entitled "Wilderness Champion". If you like stories of the sea you might enjoy reading "Call It Courage".

Do you want to know the name of the very best book of all? We hope that everybody won't ask for it at once. It is called "Mr. Popper's Penguins". It is the jolliest book ever!

We have told you the names of just a very few books in the Memorial Library. There are many more for boys and girls in Grades I to VI. We hope that you will enjoy your new library and we want you to know that we enjoyed getting it ready for you.



Animals for picture writing by
Kazuo Ayukawa, Iron Springs, Alberta.

Some of Our Pupils



**This is Leonard Heydlauff,
Wild Horse, Alberta.
Leonard is in Grade I.**



**This is Betty Lank,
Watson Lake, Y.T.
Betty is in Grade I.**



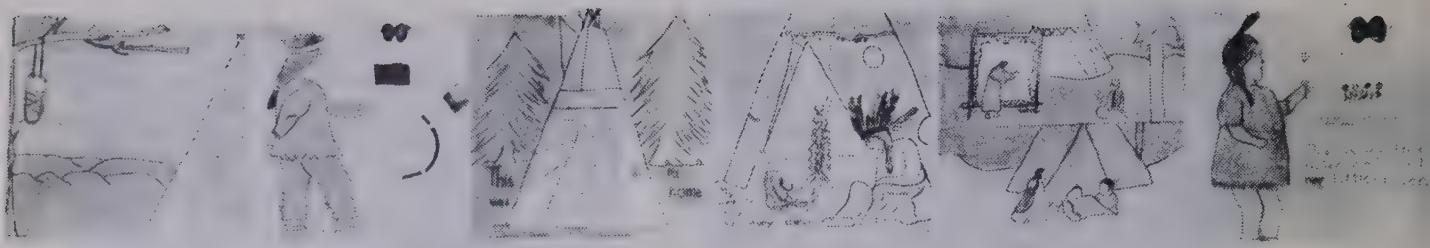
**This is Charles Duek,
Box 206, Bassano, Alberta.
Charles is in Grade II.**



**These are the pupils of
the Lonesome Pine School.**



**This is Vernon Alcock,
R.R.#3, Rimbev, Alberta.
Vernon is in Grade II.**



This is a photograph of an Indian frieze

Studying In Hospital

When I was in the hospital in Calgary I did my school work in bed. I had a school-board to put my books on. The teacher would come to my bed. Some children did their work at a table and some children were well enough to go to the schoolroom. I will be going to school in the van next fall.



Eileen Maple,
Buffalo Lake,
Alberta
Grade III



sent in by the Fort Vermilion Separate School, Grade II.

Around Home

My sister's name is Alice. She is 3 years old. My brother's name is Johnny. He is 4 months old. My puppy's name is Bobby. Rover is the old dog.

Rose Kubejko,
Breton, Alberta
Grade I

Irma, the Grey Cat

I would like to tell you about our grey cat Irma. She has a pretty woolly kitten. One day Irma was crawling home. Her leg was broken. Mom fixed her up the best she could. The kitten hurt Irma so we gave it to our black cat. She took care of it. When Irma got better she wanted her baby back. Blackie slapped Irma every time she came near her box. After awhile they became friends. They both take care of the two babies now. The kittens do not like to be washed so much.

Carolyn Sinclair
Dovercourt,
Alberta

This is Carolyn opening her lesson. Carolyn is in Grade II.



A Happy Birthday

I just got the
very pretty
birthday card.
Thank you, thank
you. I got a cake
and ice cream too.

Walter Briscoe,
Box 112, Calgary, Alberta
Grade I -- Walter also drew the duck for us.



The Zoo

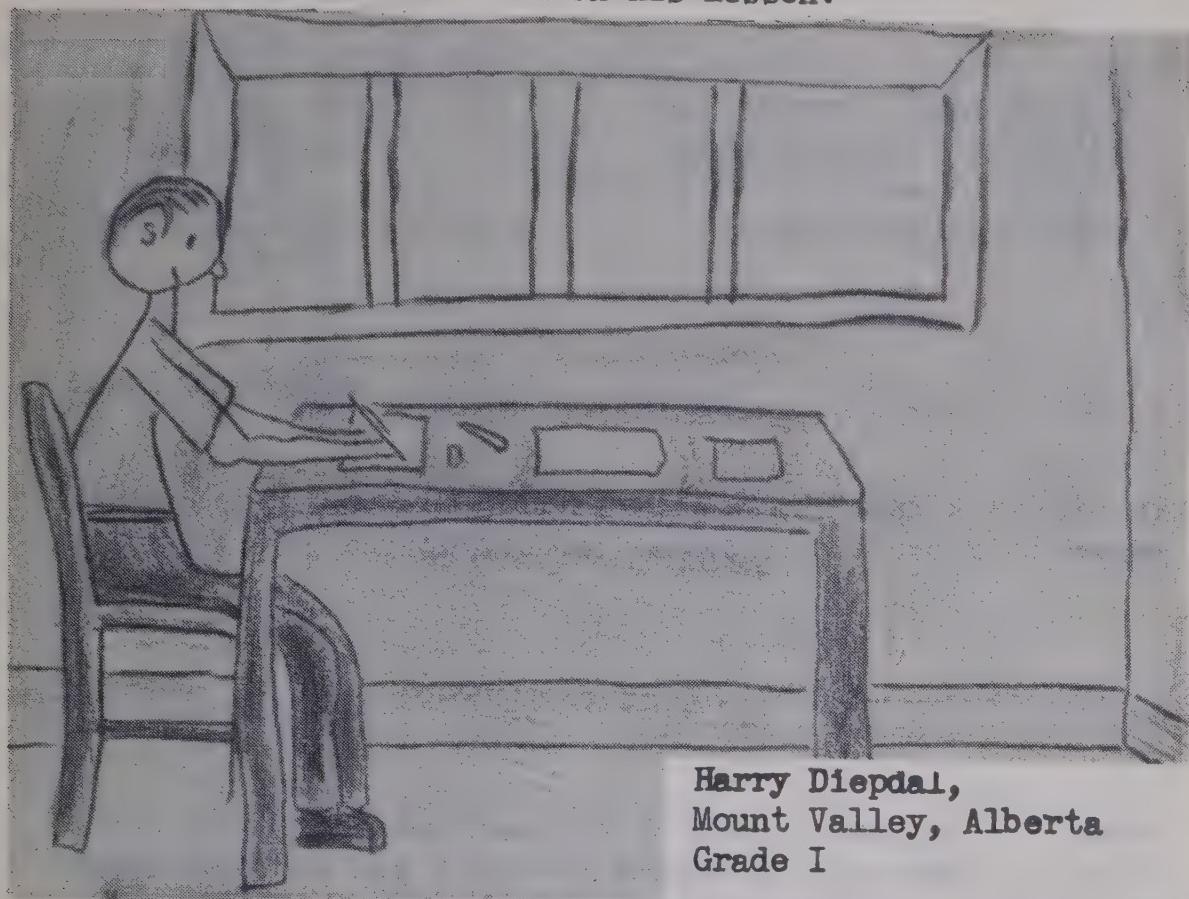
My most interesting experience was a visit to the Chicago Zoo when I was six years old. I remember many of the animals such as lions, bears, camels, giraffes, tigers, elephants, rhinoceroses and many more. I enjoyed the reptiles very much because they were such strange looking fellows. The birds were very beautiful especially the ones from southern countries. It was all very exciting and next visit I won't be in a rush to see what's in the next cage but will look more carefully as they come.



Bill McGuffin,
Kananaskis,
Alberta

Here is a picture of Bill
on his wooden horse. He is
in Grade III.

This is Harry Diepdal's drawing
of himself at work on his lesson.



The Storm

One day when I was playing with my friend his father told me that an awful storm was coming. I looked to the northwest and saw some dusty dirty clouds so I hurried home. I just got in the door in the nick of time when a gust of wind came and blew the door off.

This is a story written by Barry Bolton who was in the Red Cross hospital in Calgary last year.

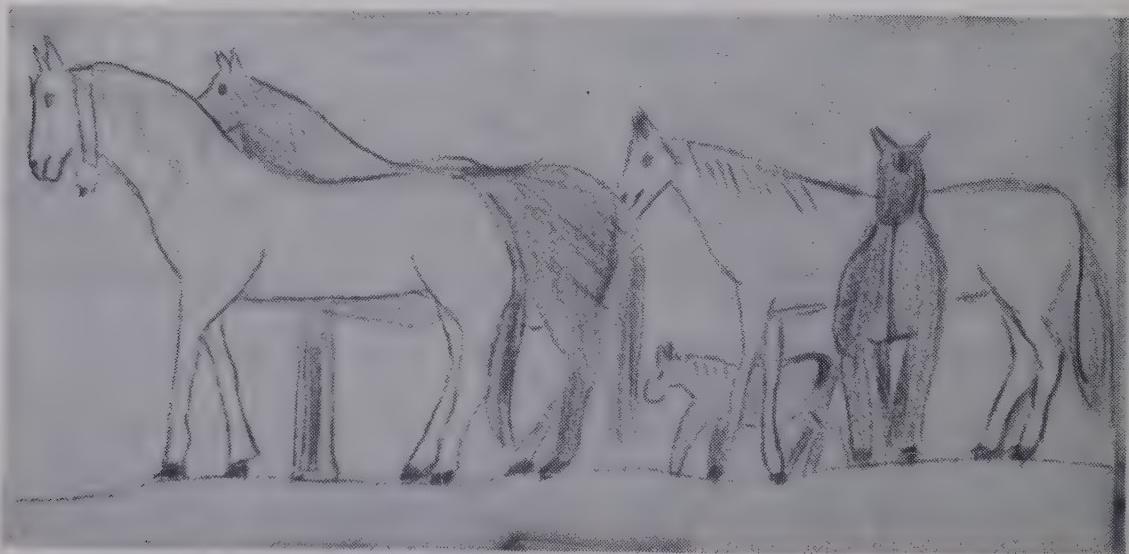
THIS IS WHAT OUR PUPILS SAY

Easter Bunny hoppity hop,
 Bring me plenty of eggs,
 I like to eat them very much
 Until my tummy aches.



In winter a cat gets his first hair off and he gets his second hair on. A caterpillar cuddles up and goes to sleep.

Grade 3 -- Japanese people get married from 1-13 years of age. When over in Canada we don't get married until you're 20 or sometimes not even until you're 40 sometimes. Including me.



Gladys Anderson of Obed loves to draw horses. She made this sketch of some horses for us. Gladys tells us that she has seven brothers but no sisters. Probably Gladys would like to exchange letters with a girl about 9 or 10 years old.

A Trapper's Troubles

Last winter Daddy let me run one of his traps. One morning when Richard and I went there was a skunk in the trap. We were real excited. I took a long two-by-four to kill it but I couldn't. When we got home Daddy wouldn't let us go in the house. My rubber boots smelled bad all winter.

Rudolph Diesel,
Lac la Biche, Alberta.



My, what a big fish
Jimmy Russel is hold-
ing! Jimmy lives at
Whitehorse.



This is Carol Moe with
her two sisters. Carol
lives at Yellowknife, N.W.T.



The Castle in the Air

Once there was a fairy band.
They lived alone in fairyland.
They lived in a castle, a castle over there,
They lived in a castle, a castle in the air.
That castle was proud,
And everyone that passed it, to that castle bowed,
When along came a giant
With his mighty cross-bow!
But that great fairy castle,
He could not over-throw.
All's quiet, all's still,
Suddenly there comes a blast clear and shrill,
As with a crash,
Into the wood two huntsmen dash.
"They'd better not hunt in this woodland,
These parts belong to the fairy band," said the Queen.
And then they were off at a gallop.

Nicholas Schintz,
R.R. #2, High River, Alberta
Grade IV

The illustrations for the poem were also done by Nicholas.



Flying Down to Kingston

I would like to tell you about my trip down to Jamaica from Miami on the Pan American. It was about six o'clock in the morning when Mother, Daddy and my two sisters and I walked up into that big plane. I felt kind of nervous at first. The steward gave us some gum and told us to fasten our safety belts. Then the engine began to roar and the plane ran around on the field and pretty soon up it went off the ground then higher, higher and Miami looked so small. Then we were looking over the ocean and the clouds away down below us. After awhile they gave us each a nice tray with breakfast and the dishes were fastened right in so they couldn't shake out. The thing I didn't like was the way my ears hurt. Then we flew down and landed in Cuba for awhile. Everybody was talking Spanish so I was glad we didn't stay. Soon we were up in the air again and looking down on little huts and palm trees and mountains. We were looking down on the Caribbean Sea next, and it wasn't long before we began to swoop down into Kingston, Jamaica. It was awfully hot and everything looked so strange.

There were mostly colored people and so many walking with baskets on their heads. That's the way they carry their loads even little parcels. I am getting used to it now.

I'm sure glad I can take my school lessons from dear old Alberta.



Jeanette Koch,
Kingston, Jamaica, B.W.I.
Grade III

See Jeanette and her
sisters at their desks.

Northern Fires

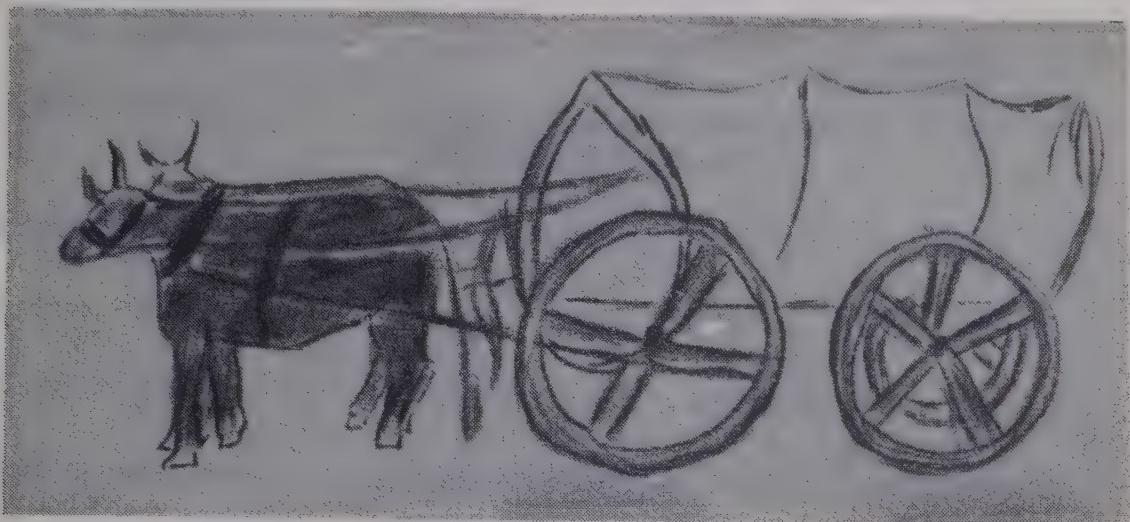
About the most exciting and terrible happening here was on May 6th, a Friday and if it had happened a week later it would have tied in perfect being the 13th but we had our bad luck in advance.

For many days before there had been many forest fires around us, but we felt safe as there was a fairly strong west wind and the main fire was across the river and about three miles south of here. But soon we were really worried for the wind kept up steadily until it was spotted -- the FIRE! Its heat had made a terrible wind of about 50 miles an hour. This was easily proven when two of the men went inspecting on a tractor. They saw the oncoming danger and by the time they came home one way the fire had come through the pasture the other way and beat them here. While all this was happening we had lots of excitement here at home, trying to soak the houses, load the truck with clothes, bedding, and as much as we could carry before the hot smoke made us leave. In all the rush I had put in my Mother's churn full of cream that was stubborn and wouldn't churn. Think of our surprise when we returned that night to find that it had churned itself during the bumpy ride up the road in the hot smoke. When we all left our homes we didn't think we would see them again. The neighbors all came hurrying down on their tractors to help throw water as long as they could. We lost all our chickens, a lot of pigs, seven buildings that were all around where the house was built, the barn, and so on. We all knew that God was watching our homes that meant so much to us. After the fire had passed and it was safe to return and go to bed, the cows came strolling through the burned trees. They must have stood in the river miles away while the fire passed. The neighbors have all been kind to us and helped in every way they could. One man carried a pail of eggs here and another brought butter. I was very glad my father had taught me to drive a tractor and truck for I drove the truck to safety while my brother drove the Oliver 88, towing a Cockshutt behind. My Mother steered it for it had no battery in it.

Ronald Bullen,
Forest View, Alberta.
Grade V

Early Days in the Peace

The first settlers started coming into the Peace River country in 1909 and 1910. There were no roads or railroads only trails through the bush and over the prairie.



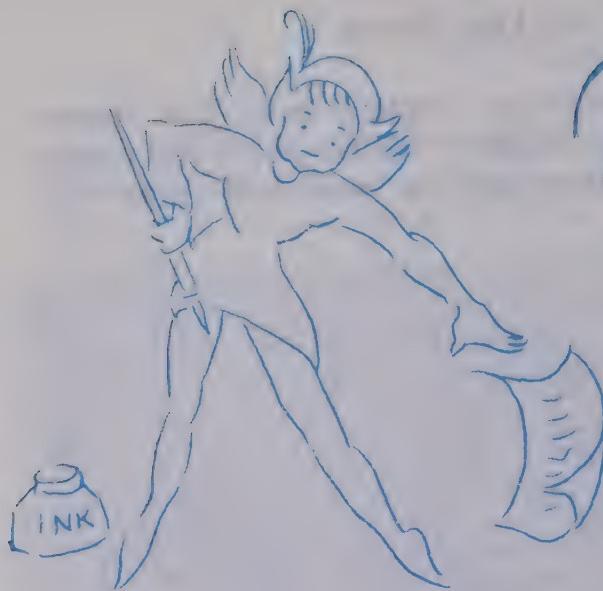
Sometimes the settlers had to chop their way through the woods. They drove Indian ponies or oxen on covered wagons. Big horses always died of swamp fever and the Indian ponies were the only ones who could stand the trip. The mosquitos were terrible and rains made the roads so bad the wagons sometimes sank almost out of sight.

There were no stores to buy from. The settlers lived on rabbit and partridge. At night the coyotes and wolves howled around.

Now the whole country is covered with farms and towns. Instead of taking three or four months with oxen you can get to Edmonton in an hour by plane. Sexsmith is the "Grain Capital of the British Empire" and "The Buckle to the Wheat Belt". Everybody farms with tractors and no oxen and few horses are seen. There is lots of lumber business and the oil companies are testing all over for oil.

I am a grandson of one of the very first men into the Peace River country. I live on a grain farm. I can drive my daddy's tractor and help pick stones. I bring home the cows at night and help carry in wood. I am learning to play the violin. We have lots of music at our house.

Ronald Helgason,
Sexsmith, Alberta
Grade IV



Pen Pals

These boys and girls
would like to have
pen pals:

Kay Deweese

Valhalla, Alberta

Age 7

John Jacobson

Erith, Alberta

Age 7

Neil Gibbs

Rochfort Bridge, Alberta

Age 8

Leonard Heydlauff

Wild Horse, Alberta

Age 8

Carolyn Sinclair

Dovercourt, Alberta

Age 8

Barry Bolton

2201 - 29 St. S.W.,
Calgary, Alberta

Age 8

James Russel

Maintenance Camp 1016
Alaska Highway,
Whitehorse, Y.T.

Age 7

Marion Jacobson

Erith, Alberta

Age 11

Sharon Russel

Maintenance Camp 1016
Alaska Highway,
Whitehorse, Y.T.

Age 10

Cecil Garrett

Ashmont, Alberta

Age 11

Alice Waikle	Driftpile, Alberta	Age 11
Ronald Bullen	Forest View, Alberta	Age 11
Irene Civikilewich	Chinook, Alberta	Age 12
James Dagenais	Giant Yellowknife Mines Yellowknife, N.W.T.	Age 10
Sharon McBride	Leo, Alberta	Age 8
Lorne Wells	Manyberries, Alberta	Age 8
John Plews	Calling River, Alberta	Age 8
Norma McLemahan	Seebe, Alberta	Age 10
Jeanette Hartwell	Rex, Saskatchewan	Age 10
Janice Skogman	Winfield, Alberta	Age 9
Marion Ouellette	Grosmont, Alberta	Age 13
Betty Westerberg	Sangudo, Alberta	Age 10
Robert Cockram	Caixa 85, Uruguiana, Rio do Sul, Brazil, South America	Age 7
Tommy Helm (Age 8)	Springdale, Alberta	
Sharron Holmes (Age 6)	1606 - 4th St. N.W. Calgary, Alberta	
Carl Osterland (Age 7)	Box 54, Rocky Mtn. House, Alberta	





My Pony

There was a race at Innisfree
So I took my little horse,
She fairly flew around the track
And came in first of course.

First she won the pony race
Then the free for all,
When she tried the Standard race,
My pony was last of all.

Now the race is over,
My pony, two she won,
I'll pasture her in clover,
Out underneath the sun.

Orvel Fowler,
Innisfree, Alberta
Grade IV



The Naming of a Town

Many people think that Driftpile is a peculiar name for a town until they hear the story. This is how the little hamlet of Driftpile was named.

Many years ago trappers, missionaries and fur traders travelled northward from Edmonton. They followed water ways as much as possible as these made the best roads. They would go to St. Albert and on to Paddle River following the river until it joined the Athabasca and down this river to where the Slave River joins it. Then they went along the Slave River to Lesser Slave Lake. Boats in summer and dog teams across the lake in winter were the means of travel. It was a long and weary trip. At one place in the lake where it is very narrow and the town of Faust now stands, the travellers could see far up the lake. There a huge pile of driftwood was on the shore at the mouth of the Driftpile River. The river was named because of this same pile of driftwood which had floated down it during floods and piled up year after year at the mouth. The town took the same name as the river.

This pile of driftwood was a land mark and a welcome sight, for travellers knew that only a day's journey from it lay the Grouard mission. There they would find rest and a welcome from old Father Grouard for whom the mission was named.

This pile of driftwood has been burned as it was clogging the mouth of the river causing serious floods in the spring of the year when the snow melted and the ice went out.

Alice Waikle,
Driftpile, Alberta



THIS IS WHAT ONE PUPIL SAID

St. Albert is where Father Lacombe
tamed the wild west.

The Wolves

On the morning of December 19, 1948 we got a terrible scare. Mother was wakened at 2.30 A.M. by wolves howling real close. She listened for some time thinking they would pass right through as they usually did. Daddy being quite tired Mama did not like to wake him. Mother being a very light sleeper couldn't go to sleep.

Our dog Numa howled and barked a few times until Mother told him to lie down but when the wolves got right to our yard Numa ran out and barked and tried to chase them away.



When Mother heard Numa bark so fiercely she knew there was something wrong so she went out and as it was bright moonlight she could see large shadowy forms moving around in the corral just outside of our yard. She whistled and called for Numa. Then she heard some awful howling, growling, snarling and fighting. She came back and called Daddy thinking for sure the wolves had our dog.

Daddy got up in such a hurry and started to call "Where's my clothes?"

He finally got a slipper and an overshoe. They both fit the same foot but he managed somehow with one overshoe and slipper and in his pyjamas. Daddy grabbed his rifle and went down through the corral after the wolves and hollering at the wolves all the while to scare them off Numa. Daddy was hoping to get close enough to shoot but after all the hollering and whistling to scare they away from Numa they ran out to the edge of the pasture where Daddy had some old heads and coyote carcasses which they cleaned up very thoroughly. Daddy and Mama would have both gone after them as it was moon light enough to shoot but they were afraid they might shoot one of our horses as they were in the pasture.

There was a fresh snow in the morning when it got daylight. Daddy and Mom went down to the pasture and the wolves had just gone in the timber less than one-half mile from the house and bedded down. They could track them very easily and there were 19 or 20 of them making tracks bigger than most horses.

This same pack of wolves went out on Prairie Creek not very far from here and killed two dogs for a trapper so I believe our dog Numa is very lucky because he was surely right out among them and they chased him right up to our back gate about 15 yards from the house.

I think about the worst scare I ever had was when Mother shouted, "The wolves have got Numa."

Mona Thompson,
Phoenix, Alberta
Grade VI



My Favorite Pet

One summer evening about two years ago I was outside splitting wood for my mother. I was just finishing when I heard a loud chattering. At first I thought that a bird was making the noise but then I listened more carefully and soon heard that it was a squirrel.

Then I went back to our house and told my parents about the squirrel. My father told me that if I fed the squirrel he would become tame. Of course I very much wanted to have a tame squirrel for a pet. I found a small doll's cup and a handful of peanuts. I filled the cup with water and took it and the peanuts to where the squirrel was hiding. I left them where he could easily find them, and went back to the house. Later in the evening I saw him leave and go back to the bush. He had to cross the river by way of a small foot-bridge. I went to look and found that he had eaten all the peanuts I had given him. I was afraid that I would not see him anymore, but he came back bright and early the next morning. I gave him more peanuts to eat and left him alone.



From a drawing by Eraine Desharnais, Grade II,
Forest View, Alberta.

After that he came every day. At first he would not eat while anyone was near him but soon he was tame enough to let me stand in front of his "house" in the board pile, and watch him eating. Then he became very tame and began to take food from my hands without any fear. My parents and brother were also able to get him to take food from their hands but when strangers were near he would take it only from me. He came every day for about three months and by the end of the summer holidays I had him nearly tame enough so that when I sat on the ground he would climb up on my knee to get a peanut. But then it was time for him to go back to the woods to store up his food for the winter.

He came again last spring and he was still tame. Because the ice in the river had taken the bridge out he had to wait a while until the bridge was put in again before he could come across the river. This is the third summer that he has been coming. He is still very tame and he takes food out of my hand.

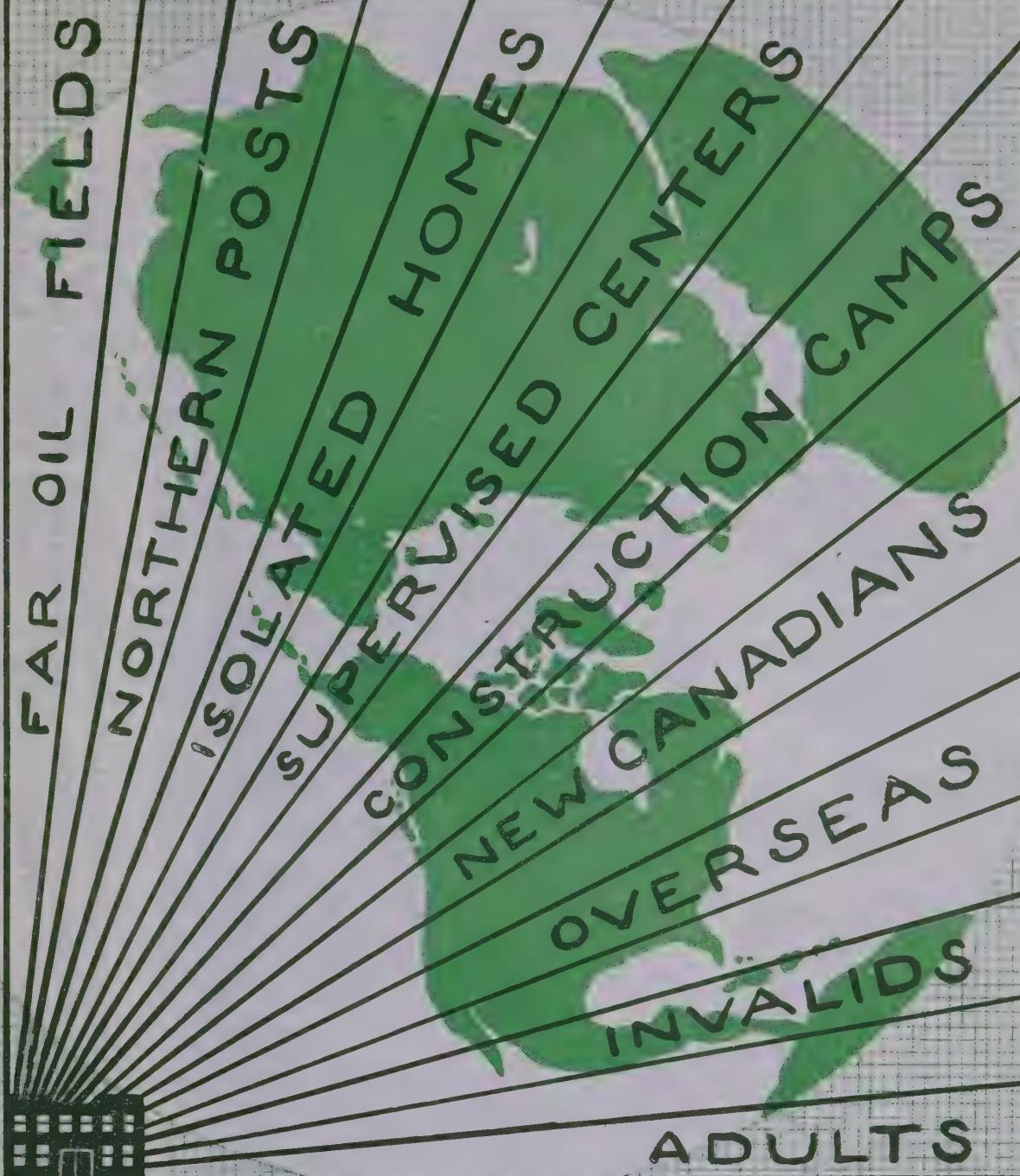
I think that my squirrel is a very interesting and wonderful pet because he is both tame and free.

Violet Scharr,
Styal, Alberta
Grade VI



CRAYON DRAWING,
Harry Eymundson, Grade IV
Flatbush, Alberta

JUNIOR HIGH





Miss E. C. Hopkins, Junior High Supervisor (to the right of the centre line in the front row).
Instructors, reading from left to right - Front row: M. Buxton, M. Higginson, M. Norris, W. Evans,
E. Hopkins, V. Nelson, I. Thompson, M. Dunnigan, C. Fraser, J. Hill. - Second row: B. Bendle, E. Hart,
E. Brickman, N. Lyons, E. Tomlinson, K. Morimoto, R. Thomson, S. Bohonos, D. McBain, E. Wells. - Third row:
C. Wilkes, T. Griffith, J. Mills, R. Dean, E. Filipkowski, C. Cook, A. Lang, M. Ohrn, G. Julian. - Fourth
row: A. Baycroft, A. Bain, W. McKay, W. Selezinka, F. Reid, T. Gordon.

The Early History of Last Lake

In 1914 a solitary Indian lived peacefully in his teepee on a meadow near Last Lake. All around him was silence, loneliness, and solitude. Little did he realize that at that very moment, at least five parties were steadily converging on his retreat. One party consisting of a Scotsman, a Canadian, and a Texas Ranger was forging ahead by team and covered wagon. Another party consisting of two Swiss boys was being sailed down the Smoky River on a beaver boat. A third party was slowly moving a herd of cattle southward from the Whitemud River area, while two other families were coming north by means of the MacArthur railway to Peace River Crossing, where a ferry was operating during the summer months. After many adventures and tribulations, these early pioneers eventually arrived at Last Lake to disturb the tranquillity of the lonely red-skin.

All the wheat in the early days had to be taken to Peace River thirty miles away where the settlers received ninety cents a bushel for it. A school was organized, the first teacher being Matthew Halton, the famous war correspondent. In 1926 the railway came to Whitelaw, fourteen miles away, making conditions much easier for the settlers. The early history of our district is a story of triumphs and disappointments and, above all, of real fun and humour which forever bubbles over where men are thrown together in a common environment.

Eva Schaff, Grade VII
Last Lake, Alberta

The Dam

Dozens of men and machinery
Moving tons of dirt and rock,
Filling an enormous coulee
A river bed to block.
Diverting an entire river
Through a tunnel of cement,
Forming a lake of water
Of considerable extent.

Kenneth Ashcroft, Grade VII
Lethbridge, Alberta

Bob Kjos, Brule, Alberta, lives on the Black Cat Ranch. It got its name from a tree formation on the side of the mountain. Bob likes to ride and break horses. He rode in the Sundre Stampede and won third in the boys' steer riding contest.

John McLenahan lives at the Dominion Forest Experimental Station near Seebe. It is on the Kananaskis River just where the foothills and Rocky Mountains meet.

Head Hunters of Borneo

No doubt you would be interested to hear about the "head hunters" of Borneo. Their true name is not head hunters but dyaks. There are many tribes of dyaks but the most common in Seria is the Aban tribe. They live in the interior, which in parts is covered with thick tropical jungle. Most of the dyaks are short with long black hair. Their homes are built on stilts to protect them from snakes, honey bears, and wild pigs which roam through the jungle. Crocodiles are numerous in river and swamp areas.

Peter Pallister, Grade VII
Seria, Brunei, Borneo.

A dyak of the Sulu tribe with his parang (knife).



A dyak riding on a water buffalo.



A palm tree on the main street of Labuan, Borneo.

The Bluebird Valley Ranch



Each year in June we brand our calves. This is a thrilling time for me as Dad sometimes lets me rope one. (Don't tell anyone, but I'm not very good at it!).

In the fall when we start out to round up beef we first load the wagon with food, clothes, bedding, an extra saddle, and cooking utensils, and send it ahead. Then Mom, Dad, and I get on our horses and herd the extra horses (remuda) to the cabin where we stay a week, gathering a fresh batch of steers each day.

Every morning, while Mom and Dad are getting ready to go, I try to get some fish for lunch. (I'm a better fisherman than roper!) Our morning work is to go out and get some steers into the "hold-up" field. Usually we gather a bunch in the morning and a bunch in the afternoon. In the evening we cut the four-year-olds and big three-year-olds out of the herd for market. After they are all gathered we herd them to a field handy for the buyer to come and look at them.

I have lived on a cattle ranch all my life and enjoy it very much.

Harvey Gardner, Grade VII
Pekisko, Alberta

A Girl's Life in a Hutterite Colony

Every girl has a spinning wheel on which she spins her own wool. We take three of these threads and twine them together for knitting. The wool is washed, dyed and dried. We do lots of knitting with five needles. We sell socks and mittens at a good price because they are very strong.

We do cross-stitching with embroidery thread or wool, on blankets, rugs, shawls, hankies, and many other things.

We must learn to sew and make all our own clothes. In the colony one man buys all the material and divides it so that everyone gets his share.

This is the work we do in our spare time.

Rachel Tschetter, Grade VII
Crossfield, Alberta

There's a place back in my boyhood
Up at Pinehurst, you may know.
No other place gets so much
Wind or rain or snow.

Now I've drifted far from that country
To this country near Truman.
No, I haven't made a million,
I'm still just what I am.

Memories! Yes, they're lovely!
What would please me to the core
Is to see the pleasant faces
On the banks of Pinehurst shore.

George Edward Emes, Grade VII
Truman, Alberta

Gerald Evans, of Three Hills, has been to several hospitals. He went to the Clinic in Calgary, to the University Hospital in Edmonton, to Trochu Hospital and also to Three Hills Hospital. He has had several blood transfusions. His letter was cheerful and bright and we hope that Gerald will soon be well again.

Why I am Glad to be Living in Canada



I am very glad and happy to be living in Canada where there is plenty of space. You see, I am from England where everything and everybody is so crowded.

I like the farm best of all. I am a great lover of animals, especially horses. It is much nicer to ride to school on my pony, Flash, than to ride in a street-car. You don't have to pay anything either!

It seems wonderful to have all the fresh eggs, home-made butter, plenty of meat, and fresh fruits. Everybody is so helpful around here and we are very happy in our Canadian home.

Caroline Eskdale, Grade VII
Brainard, Alberta

Pussy willows begin to fuzz,
And honey bees begin to buzz,
Ducks are quacking in the pond,
And geese are honking out beyond.

All are rejoicing, for spring is here,
Friends and foes come from far and near.
So let's be happy as long as we can,
For isn't that the reason God made man?

Nick Zoteck, Grade VII
Goose Lake, Alberta

Life on an Island



Lennard
Island
Lighthouse

We came to Alberta from the Orkney Islands in the north of Scotland when I was three years old. We farmed in Alberta for six years and then moved to B.C. where my father is a lighthouse keeper. Lennard Island consists of twelve acres. Only three lighthouse keepers live on it. There are eighty-four steps to climb up to the light. It shows sixteen miles out to sea. The fog alarm is very noisy when it is going.



My Best
Fish, A
Halibut

I like the island very much. Father made me a nine foot boat, so I go fishing often. My largest fish was a three-foot-eight-inch halibut. One day I counted ninety boats out fishing. I like hunting too. I shot two nice mink which mother has for her coat.

Island life is fun but I like the farm life in Alberta best.

Magnus Stout, Grade VII
Lennard Island, B.C.



My Morning Haul of
Codfish.



I shot the eagle while
looking over the chickens.

The Willow Creek Hutterite Colony

In June, 1948, eighty-five of our people from the Hutterite colony at Rockyford, Alberta, started to move to the district of Stettler where land had been bought for the purpose of beginning a new colony -- the Willow Creek Colony. Ten sections of land had been purchased, and shortly afterwards, the big job of moving was begun.

First of all buildings had to be started. Some were built and some were moved from the farm-houses of the farmers who used to own this land.

In January the families moved in. Our first school was a temporary one fixed up in the kitchen. This large building had a school, dining room, a room for preparing food, a bakery, and a room for the large army refrigerator. The whole building had running water and electricity. The living houses were each divided into several sets of rooms. These sets were used as the bedrooms and living rooms. One family lived in each set.

Each person here has certain work to do. One man works with the sheep, another does blacksmith work, another is the carpenter, and so on. The women also have their own jobs. Each must take her turn at helping the cook. All persons, though, are ruled by the preacher, boss and field boss. The preacher and the boss look after the business of the colony, and the field boss plans the work in the fields. They are elected by the people of the colony.

Most clothes, food, woodwork, tinware, bread, and many other things are made inside the colony. Cloth is bought for some of the clothing, but the knitted things are made of homespun wool. The girls all learn how to knit when they are young and learn embroidery work a little later. Much spinning is also done by the girls.

There is so much to tell that we can't possibly say it all here. Sometime, though, maybe you will get to see the colony, for there are many visitors every Sunday.

Paul Stahl
Jacob Hofer Grade VIII
Elizabeth Hofer
Rockyford, Alberta



LIFE HISTORY OF THE TENT CATERPILLAR

Evie Molodianovich, Grade VIII
Lea, Alberta

My Life in Germany

I came to Germany on September 21, 1943, at the age of 13. I was put in a camp with a high wire fence, fifteen feet high, around it. After two months I asked if there were no schools. "Not for you," the camp leader said. However, they let me go but it was hard. Everyone laughed at me because I couldn't speak, write, or read. The teacher let me sit in school for two years. Then we moved to Bavaria to work in a factory. After some months the American Army occupied Bavaria and a new life started for us. We were free! We could do and go where we wanted. We thought it was a dream. I knew I had relatives in Canada but I had no address. I met a Canadian soldier who said, "I will publish it in the newspapers." My relatives wrote to me and said if it were possible they would get me to Canada. Nobody can understand how glad I was. I stopped my work and went to an English school. In March, 1948, I got a visa to Canada. I praised God for all the good He had done for me in the last year.

I came to Swift Current where my relatives took me in as if I belonged to the family. I spent the whole summer on the farm. Then I came to Brooks, Alberta, where I got a job in a garage.

I find Canada the best country in the world, because everyone who wants to study - can study; to work - can work. I had hoped to find a home in Canada. I found it in one year.

A. Heinrichs, Grade VIII
Brooks, Alberta

The above named student is one of our new Canadians. We welcome him and many others to our country. Through Correspondence we are pleased to be able to assist these newcomers to learn our language and customs, so that they may become good Canadian citizens.

SEED DISPERSALS OF FOUR USEFUL PLANTS



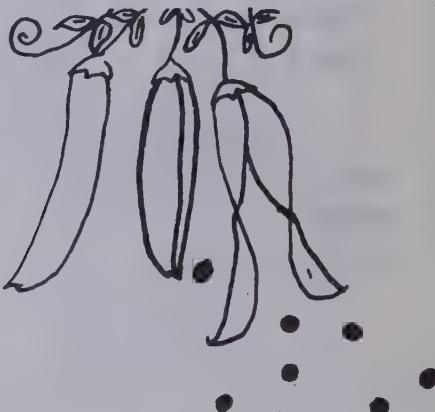
The air spaces in coco-nuts allow them to float on water to other lands.



Maple seeds are fitted with wings and the wind scatters them far from the tree.



Hay needles with seeds attached are dispersed by "hitch-hiking" on passing animals' fur.



The pea pod pops open with such an explosion that it shoots the seeds far and wide.

The Life of a Forest Ranger



Boyd, Tiny, and Mrs. Elliot

A Forest Ranger's life is very interesting. He is isolated from the rest of the world, except for fishermen in the summer and a few hunters in the fall. He comes in contact with the beauty of wild life and nature which he enjoys more than anybody else. He enjoys the rugged beauty of the mountains. He works very hard at his job looking after the forest by watching for insects which cause the trees to die. He keeps the trails free from brush and removes the dead trees lying across, so that he can get men and equipment in if there should be a fire. He has to keep up about twenty-two miles of telephone line which gives communication with other Lookouts and Ranger Stations.

Cameron Lookout, which is the highest lookout in North America, is on Mount Burke, a peak eleven thousand feet above sea level.

Boyd Elliot, Grade VIII
Pekisko, Alberta

A View From a Window

From the window of a forest ranger's lookout we could see for hundreds of miles. First there was the waving green forest and high grey hills. Lakes, rivers and streams also added to our view. Then next, seemingly quiet, rose the snow-capped Rockies - jagged, lofty peaks with purple skirts and white caps. Now and then we would hear the bellowing roar of a freight train and then see a long line of cars with two locomotives tugging them along. Then we looked down at the ground below us. The sight made us dizzy. Here we were, fifty feet above the huge, unbelievably tall spruce. Yes, it was a beautiful sight from a lookout tower.

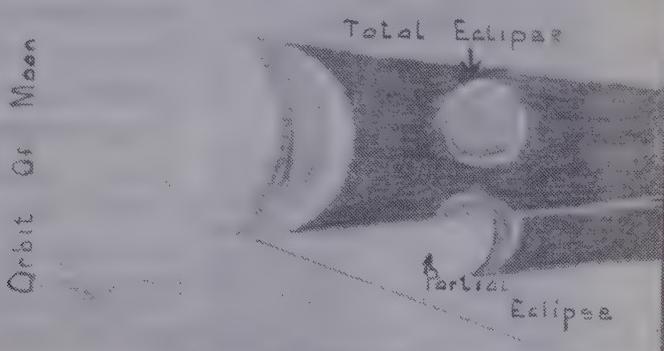
Charles Young, Grade VIII
Hindville, Alberta

Deer

The white-tailed deer do not inhabit the barren grounds, for they cannot find sufficient vegetation to supply them with food. They thrive best on cut-over land, where the new forest is returning. Deer are browsing animals, living on trees and brush, grass and plants, and, where available, acorns and fruit. In the winter-time a band will stay in a small cedar swamp, or other coniferous woods, and, by continuous tramping, beat down the snow so that paths and living areas are kept open, and the animals gain access to the foliage of the trees. These creatures will come quite close to settlements, and many a camper by a water-course has been surprised to see an inquisitive deer giving him a close inspection before bounding away again into the bushes. They are striking animals with their contrasting coats of tan, and white tails which assist their fawn in trailing them to retreat.

Peter Zacharuk, Grade VIII
Myrnam, Alberta

An Eclipse of the Moon



Jacob Hofer, Grade VIII
Lethbridge, Alberta

Music and Racial Prejudice

Perhaps nothing has done and is doing quite so much to break down racial prejudice as music. Music is a universal language spoken in some form by every race in the world. Through music we learn to know our neighbors, because it is an expression of their feelings and their national characteristics, not of their political views. For this reason it can help to foster racial tolerance among people when political talks and conferences fail. To feel bitter towards a race when their music is a part of our daily living would be a difficult thing to do. Music has a way of bringing people together. Dance and symphony orchestras and choral groups are usually comprised of people from many nationalities. The lilting Strauss waltzes, Tschaikowsky's great music, the lovely Irish songs, and the moving Negro spirituals are only a few types of music composed by men of different races. Each race has contributed something to the musical realm and all races share and enjoy it. In music there is no such thing as racial prejudice.

Betty Veitch, Grade IX
Manville, Alberta

Lovely Bermuda



As my father is a clergyman we have lived in many places. Our home in Bermuda is entirely different to any home we have had before. Our house was built in 1865 of limestone but is completely modernized. The roofs are stone slabs which are lime-washed frequently as all the rain water is collected from the roofs and stored in huge tanks for future use. Water can be purchased if the tank goes dry but it is very expensive.

The houses are set at any angle in picturesque gardens. Many streets have quaint names such as Petticoat Alley, Silk Lane, Shinbone Alley, Featherbed Lane. The streets are as crooked as the proverbial "dog's hind leg".

Most of Bermuda's flowers and plants have been brought in from other lands. The hibiscus and oleander hedges bloom continually. Gladioli and narcissi grow like weeds in the grass surrounding the church and house. The passion-flower opens only for a day and then dies. The night-blooming cereus opens at midnight and closes with the dawn.

There is very little soil on the island and in no place is it more than two feet in depth. We plant a garden during October and November and have successive plantings until April. Very little grows or blooms during the hot months of July and August.

The cedars of Bermuda are beautiful but many are dying of a blight for which no control has been discovered. The cedar wood takes a lovely polish and beautiful furniture, trays, bowls and novelties are made from it.

Bermuda is most interesting and is advertised as "the land of perpetual June".

Edith Howes, Grade IX
St. George's, Bermuda

Clara Koffler, a grade 9 student of Grimshaw, has taken Correspondence for four years now and thinks it is a wonderful way to get an education. Clara became paralysed at the age of six but after spending two years in bed was again able to go to school. When they moved to Grimshaw she began Correspondence work as the school was so far away. Clara has to do everything left-handed because of her illness, but gets along fine. We hope Clara is able to become a cashier or artist as she plans. Good luck, Clara!

Derby Day

Labour Day was a day of victory for Warren Black, who took third place in the fourth annual Edmonton "Soap Box Derby." Warren's streamlined "buggie" was spectacular among the thirty-three miniature cars which streaked down McDougall Hill. Vehicles ranged from brightly-painted apple boxes on wheels to meteor-like metal models. At the Diamond Park presentation ceremony following the "Derby" Warren was awarded a wrist watch for his performance. He was the only out-of-town racer.

Warren, who is fifteen years old, has been studying by Correspondence for the past year and plans to take his grade nine this term. We are looking forward to having a "winner" in this student and wish him the best of luck in the future.

The teachers of the Junior High School section wish to congratulate those students who received A or H gradings in their Grade IX examinations. The following made H standing:

Dennis Blakeman of Morinville
Peggy Owens of Carstairs
Telesfor Passek of Flat Lake
Michael Schintz of High River
Ronald Simonson of Edmonton
Jerrold Sykes of Edmonton.

R.R. 2,
High River, Alberta,
July 13, 1949.

Howdy friends,

This being the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Correspondence School, the outfit has asked me to contribute a picture in putting together this booklet. I drew the bucking horse scene just a few days after taking in the High River Rodeo, a good show which some of you fellows may know about. Anyway, I rode in the "mad scramble", and so had the stampede in my bones for a spell.

The man on the bronc is a friend of mine who made a fine ride in the bareback event. Although not an actual photograph, I've put his first name on the chaps.

I guess a lot of you will be wading into another year's work with the Correspondence School this winter. Take up your pen, boys, and give her what for! See you at the chutes, come next July.

Your friend,
Michael Schintz
Grade IX

Michael Schintz of High River has been a Correspondence student for almost ten years. He has made excellent progress and passed his grade nine examinations with an H grading. Michael is leaving Correspondence this year to take grade ten in town. We are sorry to lose one of our oldest students but wish him every success in his studies. The framed picture in our office is a constant reminder of the outstanding work of our student from the foothills.



Our Success with Small Fruits

Our fruit growing began when mother and I went to visit my sister. She was very excited about her fruit garden, and, when she showed it to us, it really was as lovely as she said. The vines hung with fruit which was not quite ripe. Mother decided right there that we were going to take home runners from the raspberries and strawberries.

When we got home the sandy loam piece behind the house was made ready. It was treated with rich fertilizers to make it produce better. The roots of the plants were laid in the shade of the spruce trees and watered every day while the soil was prepared.

When the soil was ready the plants were set eight feet apart so that they could be cultivated with the tractor. The plants were put in and watered. Before long you could almost see them grow. Mother was really pleased with them and planned to get more next year.

We live about a hundred yards from a small lake which comes in very handy. When the weather is dry water is pumped from the lake and sprayed on the plants.

The second year we set out more plants, also some plum trees which are doing very well. Our main crop was strawberries and raspberries. They produced more than our family and hired help could use, and believe me, we used plenty.

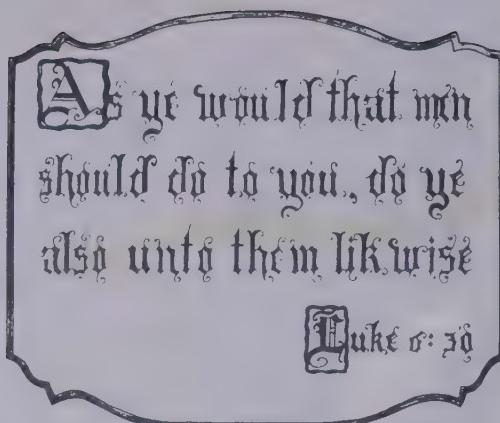
When there are too many berries for us to pick, Mom lets anyone come and pick for half of what they pick. That seems to work very well because they fill their pails very quickly because of the enormous size of the berries. The pickers bring their lunch and pick all day. This picking may not sound like a good idea, but we live in a small community and cannot get enough help without getting a half of what they pick.

Our business is very prosperous. Next year and the years to come we expect to have twice as many small fruits.

Marjorie Hugh, Grade IX
Cold Lake, Alberta

The scene on the next page was painted by Marguerite Alberta Reid, a grade nine student from Lac La Nonne.





MOTTO by Hetty Macdonald, Grade IX, Falher, Alberta.

From a Student at Sea

The sun is shining brightly here today. It really is a beautiful day. No doubt you have heard of the expression "sunny California"; well, it certainly lives up to its name.

One of the things that interests me most right now is to become a civilian. I have been in the U.S. Navy for nearly four years and I'm getting very tired of sea life. I don't mind military life very much but I don't like being at sea. Someone may say, "Well, then, why did you join the Navy?" The only answer I can give to that is I thought I would like it but found out differently. I love the good earth, and things that grow upon it; beautiful flowers, green grass, tall, fine trees, wild life and other wonderful things of nature, which you don't find at sea. The beautiful things on land far surpass the scenes on the sea. You may visualize a beautiful sunset at sea, but none so beautiful as the ones on land, amidst the tall, colorful, snow-capped mountains in the state of Washington, for example. They are really breath-taking.

I like outdoor sports. Baseball is my favourite, but one cannot play baseball on a destroyer. When we are in port we get ample time to do these things but small active ships spend a lot, or most of their time at sea.

Lawrence LeBleu
U.S.S. Richard B. Anderson (D.D.786)
San Diego, California

What Our District Thinks About the Enlarged Municipal Unit

The enlarged municipal unit seems to be a favourable project in some municipalities while in others it is looked at with scorn. Also in some districts as in ours the people do not know the advantages of the enlarged municipality. When some officer of the municipality makes a speech the things he says are not taken as facts. They would sooner stick with the old system because it has been working out quite well and they are satisfied. "And besides," they say, "if we get another part added on we'll just have to supply them with money and other supplies that go along with it. The schools will be centralized and the children won't stay at home. They'll always be on the loose and soon we won't have any farmers any more. They'll all stay in the city where there's big money. No, we'll stick to our own community schoolhouse and entertainment." They think that the longer the children stay at home the better chance they have in life. At centralized schools the children only think of "primping up" and going to dances when they should be doing homework. On the other hand they get to know more young people and to adopt their ways, of which some are good, but others are extremely bad.

They want their own roads improved and not those of the other municipality to which they'll be "joined". They also believe that the taxes will be raised instead of lowered in the enlarged municipality because of the greater work to be accomplished.

When looking at the advantages we can see how the municipality would prosper. Less money would be spent on the officials such as secretary and councillors, and the money could be used for improvement in the districts on roads, bridges, schools, churches, community halls, and so on. Also if a small unit is hit with crop failure or the like, no taxes could be paid and the whole community would suffer, while a large municipality would not be entirely crippled.

All in all our present system is satisfactory but the newer one is just as good. As long as the work continues and the people are satisfied and happy we can continue as in the present.

Mabel Hohnstein, Grade IX
Duffield, Alberta



BOOKS

The Supervisor of the High School Section, Mrs. Flint, is seated on the Director's left, in the front row. Front row: A. Stephenson, M. Fraser, E. McKittrick, A. Mitchell, B. Watson, G. Bruce, H. Flint, H. MacMillan, J. Dickins, H. Berry. Middle row: M. Russell, K. Doeling, M. Bennett, D. Anderson, N. Thompson, J. Wells, E. Weeks, D. Flewelling, M. Maxwell, K. Beamish, D. Berry, M. Weston, H. Lecuyer, M. Jack. Back row: W. Cutt, J. Willans, J. Yates, D. Embree, M. Lavallee, W. McIntyre, T. Nordon, F. Page.

Bermuda

As you know, troubles are supposed to come in threes. Well, Bermuda has had her troubles for a while. All three of them arrived in the form of hurricanes. The local inhabitants say the last hurricane occurred in '26, and it was worse than any of the three we have had this year, but the way I look at it is that they are starting to believe their own stories which they tell about the '26 blow, and the tales are really whoppers.

The last hurricane occurred on Sept. 23, 1948, and of the three did the worst damage. We received word on Thursday afternoon that the hurricane which ripped through Florida was headed in our direction. Thursday afternoon was filled with feverish activity, for the "blow" was due to hit the Island late that day. Garbage cans, outdoor chairs, boxes, firewood, boats and miscellaneous other odds and ends had to be tied down or put under shelter.

The wind began to pick up around four o'clock in the afternoon, and by six it had reached its peak. Gusts of wind were reported traveling at 120 miles per hour. Seven o'clock a breathless hush came over the Island. The atmosphere was most depressing and there was no breeze at all, for the centre of the storm was passing over the Island. At eight o'clock the wind was again back to hurricane force, only it was blowing from the opposite direction. The wind subsided next morning, and people opened their shutters to view a saltspray-blackened landscape. The only green vegetation was that away from the sea, and protected. There was a great deal of property damage, slates off roofs, windows blown in, shutters broken, and electric poles down. Saturday was spent cleaning up the islands, but it was not till Tuesday that electricity was restored to the islands.

John Howes, English 2,
St. George's, Bermuda.

The Flute

Sing to me flute... play softly
 That I might take your molten bars
 Of melody, and twine them
 Into shimmering strands of stars.

Upon a moon-drenched hillside
 I'll strew the petaled notes along;
 Weave many silken rainbows
 From the sweet amulet of song.

Let your glorious treble
 Spill the wild, clarion call
 Of wind, sun, and sweep of sky;
 The mad rush of a waterfall!

The birches slim finger shall
 Catch every silver note. At last
 Enshrined they lie in dreams where
 Memory holds them ever fast.

Rowena B. Forbes,
 English 3, Banff.

White Rhapsody

If all the loves of mine were
 so attuned,
 And set to music they would
 sing to me
 In treble tones of long-
 remembered laughter
 Above the singing strings of
 violins...
 Over and over again, as the
 rhythms change
 Imprinted with the tender
 touch of love
 The molten bars become a
 rhapsody;
 Until it breaks... The
 tremulous shower
 Of trills fall away, but
 ever I hear
 A soft resonance of an old
 love-song.
 It passes sweet--, and I
 awake to find
 As petals blown across the
 years, a strange
 Enchantment from a rhapsody
 of dreams.



PRAIRIE STORM
 Mary Mackenzie-Hicks
 1502 - 19 Ave., S. W., Calgary



HALLOWE'EN - Barbara Bailey, Grande Prairie

Early Days of Seba

The pioneer settlers of Seba Beach are Mr. Cull, Mr. Booth, and Mr. Havey. The last named has not lived here for some time. These men first settled this district in 1906. The nearest post office and station was at Wabamun which is fifteen miles further east. There was no road into Seba at that time, and one had to cross the lake to reach Wabamun - by boat in summer and by skating across in winter.

This district was not developed in those days, and so the people had to earn their living by fishing. During the winter months they fished through the ice, and sold their fish at 5¢ each and later at 3¢ each, to a pack team which would come around once or twice a season.

During the summer, fishing was done from boats. The fish were taken to Wabamun where they were loaded on the Grand Trunk, and hauled east of Edmonton where they were sold. If the railroad couldn't sell these white fish they were often taken on to the prairies. Quite often these men were not paid at all for their catch; this made much work for nothing, and living slim.

The Beach began to open up in 1911. Cottagers had to come across the lake from Fallis, which is five miles east. The railroad had been extended a little further west and the Beach gradually began to open up. The main occupation came to be agriculture, and now fishing takes a secondary place.

Mary E. Lawrence,
English 2, Seba.

A Girl's Nineteenth Year

Last year, 1947-1948, I had a somewhat complicated life. My mother, who was in her seventies, could not do much work. Dad, who was sixty-seven, had been stricken by a stroke earlier in the year, and couldn't work either. My brother had the farm next to ours, but with all of his chores couldn't help me much. So I was in a pretty bad mess of a lot of work and no help.

Luckily, we didn't have much crop on the farm, for most of the 160 acres was summerfallow. The cause of this was weeds. Field work didn't bother me much. My main trouble was the cows. This year, we had eight cows, all fresh, and I had to milk them myself. Also, eight young calves to feed and fatten! Also, one hundred chickens and about as many turkeys! This is what took my time and energy.

The neighbours helped me put up the hay, but with no crop I was short of straw for the cattle. This caused me to spend my warm winter days in hauling straw for the stock. With hauling straw and keeping cattle fed and watered, I finally spent a hard winter.

On the top of all this, my Dad took another stroke, and left this cold world behind for a sunnier place to dwell. Mother took the blow quite hard and fell sick. This caused me not only to put in the crop, but also to take care of Mom and all the livestock. I was really cramped with work, and so in desperation I sold all my livestock except for a few cows and four horses. This year I'm a little relieved because my brother rented the farm. Thus I spent my last year unaided and alone.





Drawing by
Merry Andreeff, Fairview.



Painting by
Anne Deakoff, Lundbreck.

A Canadian Farm in February

The sharp air is still, no sound is astir
 But the crunch of the hard crisp snow.
 The sky holds no clouds; its blue is unmarred,
 As the rising sun sheds its glow.
 Each tree is a-glitter with twinkling frost
 And each bush is a sparkling jewel.
 There's a glistening blanket of snow on the fields,
 And another of ice on the pool.
 The horses munch on their feed of straw
 While the steam from their nostrils rise.
 A kitten creeps from the loft of the barn,
 Frost-furred, with quivering cries.
 The milk cow lows in her lonely stall
 As she smells the clean, dry hay.
 The hinges creak as the barn door swings --
 'Tis another winter's day.

Leila Ford, English 2,
 Leighton.

Sketch opposite by Florence Landymore, Crossfield.

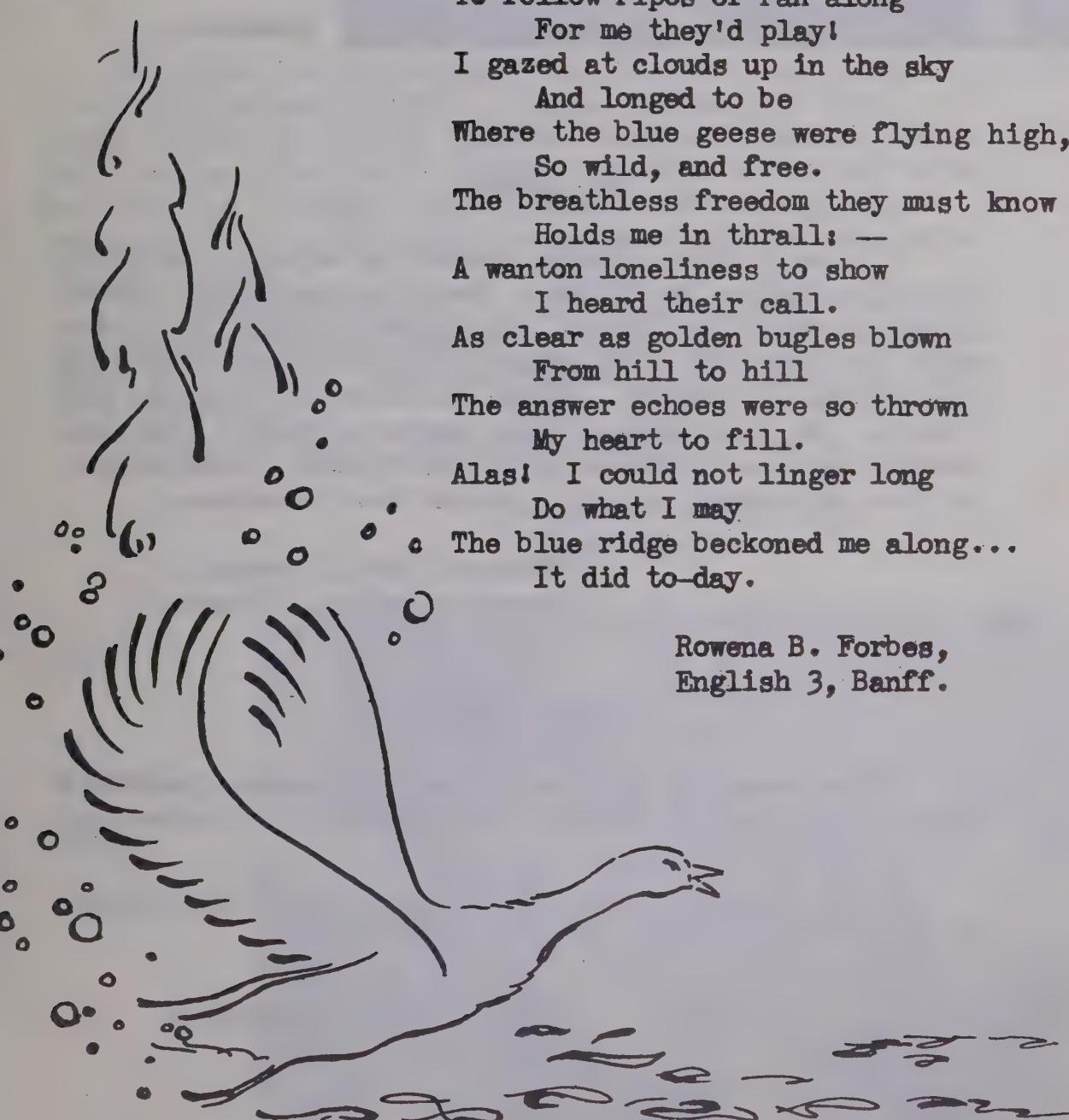


COTTONWOOD - Tadesaki Yesaki
Picture Butte

Blue Ridge

A blue ridge beckoned me to go,
To go to-day,
Out where it called and lured me so;
I could not stay.
The wind sang an enchanting song
It seemed to say,
To follow Pipes of Pan along
For me they'd play!
I gazed at clouds up in the sky
And longed to be
Where the blue geese were flying high,
So wild, and free.
The breathless freedom they must know
Holds me in thrall: —
A wanton loneliness to show
I heard their call.
As clear as golden bugles blown
From hill to hill
The answer echoes were so thrown
My heart to fill.
Alas! I could not linger long
Do what I may
The blue ridge beckoned me along...
It did to-day.

Rowena B. Forbes,
English 3, Banff.





PATTERN

Ronald
Booker,

Edmonton.

Mon Jardin

J'ai un jardin à fleurs devant la maison. Au printemps je cultive les fleurs. Mais les mauvaises herbes poussent avant les fleurs. Je travaille dans le jardin après mon arrivée à la maison de l'école et j'arrache les mauvaises herbes. Après le souper, j'arrose les fleurs. Ce printemps-ci mon jardin a gelé. J'ai des pensées dans le jardin et d'autres fleurs. Quelquefois je fais un bouquet et je le porte dans la maison.

Barbara Flint, French 1
Paradise Valley, Alberta

Notre Ecole

Notre école est grande. Elle a de grandes fenêtres aussi. Il y a des fleurs dans la cour. L'herbe est verte devant l'école.

La cloche sonne, les élèves courrent dans les salles. Le professeur enseigne les leçons aux élèves.

Sylvia Ottewell, French 1
Clover Bar, Alberta

Notre Famille

Dans notre famille, il y a six garçons et trois filles. Les garçons travaillent à la ferme et ma mère et ma soeur font la cuisine. Mon autre soeur et moi allons à l'école et étudions nos leçons. Nous jouons aussi du piano quand nous chantons à l'école. Toute la famille aime la musique. Bien que nous aimions l'école nous sommes heureuses quand les vacances arrivent.

Margaret Mary Demuyneck
French 1, Calmar

Mon Chez Moi

Mon chez moi est à Edmonton, près de l'université. C'est une maison blanche. Devant la maison il y a un grand arbre, de jolies pensées et un beau gazon vert. Nous avions deux grands arbres derrière la maison mais mon père les a coupés. Maintenant on y voit un jardin et une cour. S'il fait beau temps nous aurons beaucoup de jolies fleurs.

Au rez-de-chaussée il y a un vestibule, un corridor, un salon, une salle à manger et une cuisine. Au premier étage il y a trois chambres à coucher, une salle de bain et un corridor.

J'aime ma maison parce que c'est mon chez moi.

Rena Bruce, French 2
Edmonton, Alberta

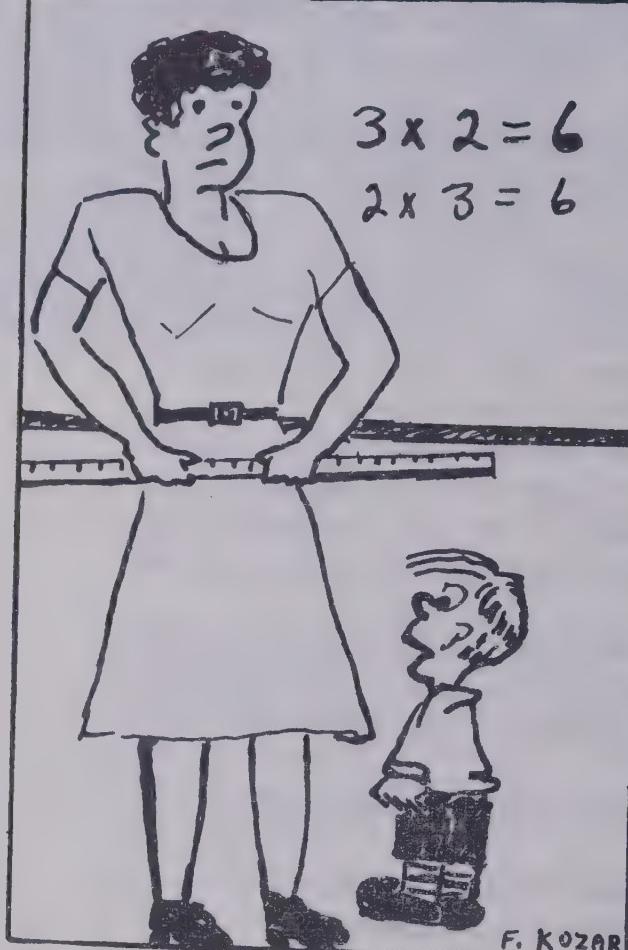
FRUIT

Mary
Rowland,

Blackie



A STUDENT'S VIEWPOINT



Please teacher, I'm not chewing gum.
I'm just soaking a prune for recess!

cause you were encouraging and fair in your corrections. I have imagined you tall and rather slim. I think your hair must be auburn and your eyes grey. I have always seen you with plastic rimmed glasses and a tailored suit. I think you enjoy social activities very much, such as movies and dances. You must be scared stiff of mice and hate milk exceedingly. I have imagined you friendly and easy to get along with, but also stubborn and a bit quick-tempered (because most teachers are).

You will probably laugh at this because undoubtedly it is all wrong. Anyway, it was great fun thinking about it.

LETTER FROM STUDENT

AND REPLY

Dear Miss Thompson,

Very often I know people whom I have not met but who attract my attention particularly for some reason or other. I often wonder about these people and I like to build up a story about them in my imagination. Since you have corrected most of my English course I have often wondered about you.

The "E" in your signature must stand for Elizabeth. I liked you from the beginning be-

Doris

Dear Doris,

I was very much charmed with your letter, and as you say it gave me and others to whom I showed it a good laugh. I am five feet four inches tall and weigh about 140 pounds, so you can see I am neither tall nor very slim. My hair is dark, short, and naturally curly, and I have brown eyes. I think I am more athletic than you make me out to be. I am not particularly enamoured of mice, but I don't get very excited about them; I am the one who has to empty the mouse traps when the mice start coming in the house in the fall. As for milk, I drink it occasionally because I'm supposed to; but I prefer milk shakes. Oh yes; the E. in my name is for Edith (my mother's name). In the good weather I ride a bicycle to work, a distance of five miles across the city, paved all the way; it takes me 35 to 40 minutes. My friends say I am friendly, so I hope you will not have to change your opinion of me there. I do quite a bit of church work, and enjoy particularly leading girls' groups. I play the piano, and like gardening, and looking after my small nieces and nephews. You would have to ask my family whether I am stubborn or quick-tempered!

After all this, I think you deserve a snapshot of me, and I will try to send you one in the near future.

Sincerely,

ENT

Cartoons by
Frank Kozar,
Sunny Brook.

A STUDENT'S VIEWPOINT



Her small 'cause we feed him
on condensed milk.

Keg River

The Keg River runs through and around the settled portion of the district. It is a small river about the size of a medium-sized creek. The surveyors who surveyed the land lost a keg of nails in the river, so they named it Keg River. It flows into the Peace River. The Hudson's Bay Post, which is the only store that is open six days of the week here, is located about 140 miles from the town of Peace River which is its supply centre. The Keg River Post Office is located three miles from the Hudson's Bay Post on an early settler's farm. There are very few settlers in Keg River and a few Indians.

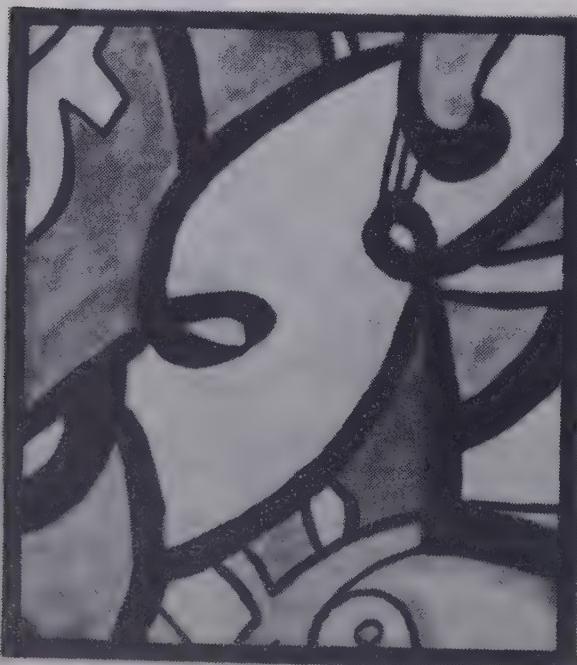
Margaret Pawlowick,
Geology 1, Keg River.

Alberta's Salt Deposits

A new deposit of salt has been recently discovered and is now being mined at Lindbergh.

There is a layer of almost pure salt nearly one thousand feet thick. The salt is obtained from three wells by forcing hot water down a pipe. This dissolves the salt and the water is under enough pressure to force the brine to the surface. The water is evaporated and the dry salt which is snowy white is sent on along the line to be iodized. It is then put into different size packages and cartons or pressed into fifty pound blocks.

The natural gas for heating the water, and for generating electricity, and for the uses of the homes comes from some three gas wells about a quarter of a mile away.



There is a good supply of water from the North Saskatchewan River, on whose banks the plant is located. The plant has a daily output of two hundred and fifty thousand pounds. A chemical plant is expected to be built here soon to supply the pulp and paper mill at Red Deer with caustic soda.

Fred Johnson,
Geology 1
Lindbergh, Alberta

The Country Is a Noisy Place

It is morning on Farm Frontenac. The sun has just come up over the hills behind the big white farmhouse. Sunbeams dart rapidly to and fro, seeking every corner and bringing light to the whole farmyard. As always, the chickens are the first to waken and don't appear to be very quiet about it. Such a clucking and shrieking as no one has ever heard! Apparently, the noise from the henhouse is very annoying, for the rusty old dog lazily crawls out of his house, stretches himself long and hard and begins to bark at the disrespectful old biddies. Undaunted by the growls of the dog, a spry young bantam rooster flies to his perch and trumpets his morning greeting. The shrieking noise seems enough to make the soundest sleeper rise from his bed and begin a new day. Nevertheless, the cock has succeeded in awakening the farmer who wearily saunters onto the porch rubbing the last remnants of sleep from his eyes. He ambles down the steps, pats his dog on the head and walks on to the feed bin. A pail of fine yellow wheat soon silences the flock of clucking birds and one chore is taken care of.

From the creek behind the barn comes a series of loud quack-quacks as a family of ducks swims gaily past the group of Hereford milk cows. The cows pay little if any attention to the happy quackers, but the calves which are penned by the creek, bellow and bleat at the lively fowl.

Through the open kitchen window comes the noise of clanging pots and pans, and the odor of coffee and hot biscuits as Mrs. Mew-mew and her kittens walk up the steps to sniff the air. Breakfast is being prepared, not only for the farmer's family but also for the squealing pigs which grumble in their pen. The farmer mixes the milk and chop all the while calling "co-boss, co-boss" to the cows. One by one they file into the barn, where they stand in wait for the milk-maids.

The farmer's son whistles a gay tune as he trots into the corral after several fine bay horses. In answer to their knickering, the young boy pitches forkfuls of sweet-smelling hay in front of them, and pours oats into the oat-boxes.

The odor of breakfast becomes more and more tempting and the two girls milking in the barn discontinue their singing and become intent on their milking.

A new day has begun on this farm, which is only a very small portion of the many farms in the country.

The whistle of an early morning train reaches the ears of the farmer, his son, and his daughters as they walk up to the porch for breakfast.

A car passes noisily on the highway and a buggy rattles past. An old truck pulls up to the farmer's gate, and the postman crawls out to deposit the morning's mail in the mail box.

Down at the creek, the ducks go quack-quack.

Nadine Molofy, English 2
Athabasca, Alberta

Creative Writing Competition 1948-1949

Annually, the Alberta Writers Conference and the I.O.D.E. encourage Alberta School students to write on Alberta themes by offering prizes for a creative writing competition open to all Alberta schools.

In the competition of 1948-1949, Correspondence students won seven of the sixteen prizes open to them - \$285 of the \$380 in Classes B, C, and D.

Merry Andreeff, English 1, Whitelaw -----

----- Class B essay - first

Leila Ford, English 2, Leighton -----

----- Class C poetry - second

George Ryga, English 2, Richmond Park -----

----- Class C essay - first

----- Class C short story - second

----- Class D - \$100 scholarship

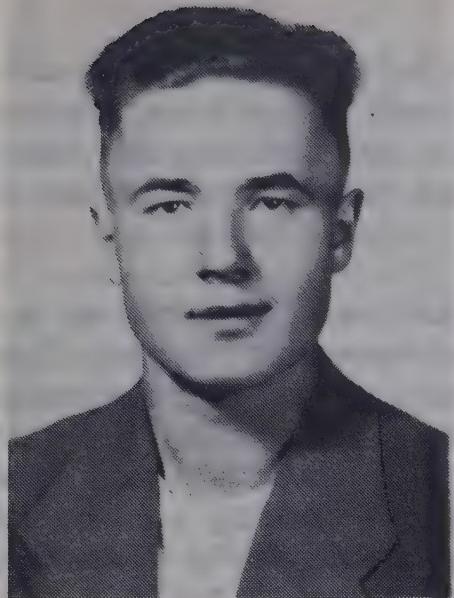
Dorothy Jean Campbell, English 3, Warwick -----

----- Class C Short story - first

----- Class D - \$100 scholarship

We wish to voice our appreciation of the encouragement and opportunity given to Alberta students by the Alberta Writers Conference and the I.O.D.E.

As our magazine must be representative of many students, our articles must be short. We have made an extra effort, however, and published the works that won scholarships.



SMOKE

by George Ryga

As the bluish smoke drifts in with the breezes from some distant forest fire, one's memories go back over the years, for the pungent odor brings back scenes of the days when this northern Alberta of ours was a virgin and untamed land, when men toiled, prayed, hoped and died with the smell of smoke at their nostrils. To the men and women who pioneered this land, the smell of smoke brought inspiration to work harder than ever, for they knew that the day the smoke cleared away, the spirit of the frontier that kept them going would perish, and the ambitions of the pioneers would soon disappear too.

The smoke that is caused by the burning of clearing piles and forests is unlike the smoke of cities, which is heavy, musty, nauseating, oily and dark. The smoke of the backwoods is invigorating, faint but unmistakable, and of a bluish tinge. It does not hurt one's eyes as the smoke of cities does.

When the first settlers came to the town of Athabasca some forty years ago, and gazed across the mighty Athabasca River at the dark and formidable forests beyond, they felt disappointed but not in the least disheartened. They had come here to start a new life and to build a new land. Some came to escape oppression in their native lands; such were the Ukrainian immigrants who later came from Poland. Some came to cover up and forget a past life and to build anew. Others came to satisfy their craving for more land, and still others came because the urge for new adventure had seized them.

There were some who had plans for returning to their homelands when they first tackled the barren, rugged life

of a pioneer. But when they had built a small log cabin and cleared a small patch of land and sat on a stump watching the brush piles burning - and smelling the tangy smoke - they made up their minds; they were here and it was here they meant to stay.

There were others who were not as fortunate, or who could not adapt themselves to their new environment. They had no money with which to return to their homelands. They grew to hate the land, the green woods, the fair skies - the settlers' smoke. For the most part, the settlers were good, earnest, hard-working people who forgot their national differences and petty disputes, and all pitched in to help one another to build a different, a happier and more prosperous life in a new country. These people - Scandinavians, Germans, Poles, Ukrainians, French, and English - loved the smell of smoke.

It was not without hardships and sorrows that the new community began. Many of the pioneers possessed nothing more to start with than the clothes they wore, their two hands, and a group of hungry little mouths to feed. With the aid of the small 'relief' they received from the government, the first thing these pioneers did was to buy some tools and get busy erecting a shelter for themselves and their families. In the small log cabin, the cracks were plastered over with mud, while in place of a roof they used a support of logs covered over by dirt. After the shelter was erected, the men and older boys along with the older girls and women of the family each took axe in hand and began hacking away at the dense undergrowth. At the end of a day of work, to get back to the place called home, no matter how crude it was, was heavenly.

"It was hard work, killing hard work," some of the older people will tell you, "but we were very happy in those days!" Even so, many of the people lost their health and zest for living long before conditions eased up enough to allow them to enjoy life more or 'take it easy.'

When a patch of ground was cleared and the brush piles were burning or burned, the men and older boys went to work in some other vicinity as farm hands or common labourers to earn some money with which to buy an ox or two and a second-hand walking plow. What pride

and rejoicing there was when these new possessions were proudly displayed to the family and friends for the first time! The next day the difficult task of breaking the heavy, rooted soil began. No one knows how tiresome and patience-demanding life can become until he has to do some plowing with oxen. The big clumsy beasts would lie down every so often to rest. Their tongues would hang out and they would lie like that for the rest of the day. Pleading and coaxing, the settler would try to make the beast rise. If the bull felt in a mood for rising, he would do so, but if he did not, the exasperated pioneer could only sit down and bemoan his state.

When the plowing was over, there were roots to be picked on piles and burned. Stones had to be picked off the field and piled before tilling could commence. Occasionally there were huge boulders to be rolled out of the ground and on to stoneboats, where they were hauled to the stone piles. These boulders cost the health of many a man. The straining and tugging to move the boulders resulted in ruptures and strained muscles. As the men had no time in which to rest and become healed completely, the injuries were never repaired and cost much pain and misery in later life.

When the land was cleaned and ready for tilling, the settler found himself with no implements with which to prepare a seed bed. However, these settlers were resourceful. A huge tree was cut down, the branches trimmed and cleaned of twigs so that only stubs of about six inches long remained on the trunk. This log was then tied with chains on the two ends and dragged across the field by oxen. This operation, when repeated two or three times, produced reasonably even fields for seeding the grain. Seeding was done by the ancient hand-scattering method. A bag was tied around a man in a way that it hung within easy arm's reach of the right hand. The bag was then filled with 'relief' seed which was scattered over the fields by the settler. The seed was covered with earth by dragging a large leafy branch over the field. When harvesting came on, the sturdy pioneer took his scythe, and calling his womenfolk out to bind the cut grain into sheaves, went to work. Threshing was done by the old-fashioned flail. The sheaved grain was placed on a hard floor where it was flailed. The straw was then thrown aside, leaving the separated chaff and kernels. On a windy day, the chaff and kernels were dropped through the air; the chaff was carried away and

the clean, plump kernels remained. The harvest crop could not be sold, but must be kept as seed for next year's crop. Winters were spent by the pioneers in making and selling or bartering railroad ties for flour and sugar and other necessities. Too often the men spent the winter in the bush in inadequate clothing.

Thus the life of the builders of Northern Alberta went on from year to year. When they had gained a few possessions, meagre perhaps, such as a cow or horse or a few pigs, the great depression of the 1930's struck. What a set-back it was for these people to lose their small belongings to pay pressing debtors! However, this was just one of the many disappointments that they encountered in their struggle for a living. They took it all with resolution and determination. Through the years, they had learned the virtue of patience - these people who loved the singing of the birds, the green forests, no matter how hard they struggled against them, the sunny skies of Alberta, the vastness of the land, the new liberty that they enjoyed here, and the bitter-sweet smell of the smoke that called them back to the land from which these hardy people had sprung.

There was a finer side in the lives of these pioneer people. The seclusion of the life they led brought the family close together. There was a mutual family feeling that does not prevail in any other place in as large a degree as in a lone log cabin in the wild.

The settlers soon realized that the hard life they led did nothing to spread culture and civilization among the growing children. In the year 1929 they started the first school in the community. In the early 30's they put up a small log building that, though it has been replaced by a more modern building, stands to this day. In the year 1933 there was erected a community hall, a large log structure that was unbearably cold during the winter months. Here the younger people held dances, dramatic concerts, singing practices and motion pictures. Here also, on Sundays, the children were taught the language and culture of the old lands from which their parents had come. There are few young people who cannot read and write the languages of their parents' native lands. The elder people, too, began to take a more active interest in the cultural life of the new land and in the affairs of the nation. They joined various societies in the community; they formed various political

associations. There was a general rush for naturalization papers. They wanted to become real Canadian citizens, to exercise their right to vote and thus have a direct say in the government.

When the depression years were over, the elderly and tired pioneers, the 'firsts' in the district, encouraged the younger generation to join farmers' organizations for the betterment of the farmer. They wanted no further repetition of the hungry thirties which had affected them so drastically.

The settlers' lot was improving; tractors and cars were owned by the majority; each settler had many acres of land to work on; farming methods were improving, and as a result crop yields were higher; the price of grain was rising; everything pointed for the better - when the war broke out in 1939. The young generation had watched with growing chagrin as the fascist cloud spread over Europe, for though they were Canadians by birth, there was still some European blood flowing in their veins. Everyone realized that Canada was endangered. The young people who, because of the pure life they had led, had grown into strong men and women, strong in spirit, body and mind, dropped what they were doing and enlisted in the armed forces. The older and weary pioneers took up the work they had started some twenty, thirty, or forty years ago, with renewed vigor and determination. Everyone went 'all out' to help the war effort. They would never allow the Nazis to destroy their new-founded and hard-earned liberty.

In the muddy trenches on the European battlefields, amid the sulphuric smells of gunpowder, these Albertans recalled the scent of another smoke that they had smelled so often, and which to them was something of a symbol of the pioneer spirit in which they had been reared and which they fought so desperately to preserve now. Hitler wasn't going to get Canada if they could help it!

Today, everything is peaceful and serene in this community; it is a thriving farm district like so many others in northern Alberta. Yet, it is different - for when a dry spell of spring weather arrives, and there is a faint whiff of pungent, bitter-sweet bush fire smoke on the air, an old man will pick up an axe from the wood-shed and make off for the few remaining acres of bush or forest left on the farm.

The pioneer blood in him has been stirred.



"A butterfly... on a rough hard rock..." by Olga Melnyk, Radway



DORCAS WAS DIFFERENT

by Dorothy Jean Campbell

Dorcas Jennings squirmed uncomfortably on the shiny red leather of the stool in a vain attempt to appear poised before the superior smile which the pert little waitress was bestowing upon her, - that smile which even the smallest child on her street seemed to reserve especially for Dorcas. Oh, why hadn't the waitress heard her the first time? Now the tall gentleman at the far end of the counter was eyeing her curiously, and the group of junior high school students in the booth behind her were smiling across at each other knowingly. Here, then, was the senior they had been told about; the one who never attended social activities, who ignored her class mates, girls and boys, as though they did not exist; whose tongue stumbled painfully before teachers; whose only interest appeared to be in books; who was, in short, a freak and a misfit in the pattern of the normal, fun-loving adolescent, a little loud, a little rude, a little thoughtless, who regards books as unavoidable injuries, and teachers as little better than the modern counterpart of Simon Legree.

Dorcas sank into a sea of warm red as she repeated: "I'd like one coca-cola, please."

The waitress smiled again, this time with exaggerated patience.

"But I've already told you that we're out this afternoon. The truck was supposed to be here an hour ago. Is there anything else you'd like? Coffee, or...."

"Yes, yes!" Dorcas agreed hurriedly. Anything to get this over with! She felt all eyes upon her stupidity as the waitress asked:

"Cream and sugar?"

"Please." Dorcas literally trickled into a puddle of relief as the girl turned to attend to her order. Then she glanced sideways furtively, to see if anyone else had witnessed her confusion.

"The Prince" was one of four restaurants on the main street of the little prairie town, and the one favored by the younger set for their after-school rendezvous. Here they discussed grievances suffered at the hands of their crafty opposition, the Strathearn High School staff, and in their conversations, many a conscientious teacher bit the dust. Here, too, the fresh batches of country students, who came in from rural areas to attend the high school, became initiated into the ways of the Kinsawan teen-age crowd.

Now, as Dorcas nervously surveyed the patrons at "The Prince" for eyes that mocked, or lips that curled in contempt, her glance froze at the doorway where a group of youths were swinging leisurely in. In the group was the shorn head of Cy Roderick, the high school's Appollo and beau ideal of all the feminine students. Dorcas recoiled from meeting any of her fellow-students, as it entailed much agony for her, common and dull as she thought herself, to approach such shining creatures as these cock-o'-the-walk young men. She had been given ample evidence that this opinion of herself was shared by others. Just that morning, as she had quietly entered Room Two, which served as a cloak room for the girls, she had heard Angie Sanford enlightening her bosom friend, Ada Walker, as to the 'latest' on "that Jennings creep."

"Well, you know how gentlemanly Cy is--" Angie was saying in an unsubdued stage-whisper. "So he opens the door for her, just like he would for any of us. You should've been there! I've never seen anyone get so red! - Did she thank him? She turned and ran like a rabbit up to her home-room and left him standing there holding the door with just the cutest expression on his face - so shocked and everything! Well, you know how Dorcas is. I suppose she can't help it, but really! I mean, Cy Roderick...."

Dorcas hadn't lingered to hear the rest, but the conversation came back to her now, serving to increase her discomfiture as the group approached her on their way to the juke box. Their tones became subdued, almost hushed, as though they were suddenly entering into the presence of an old, respected clergyman, and they hastened by with scattered mutterings of "Hello, Dorcas." She nodded stiffly, aware, as usual, that they had not said "Hi, Jennings!" and slid onto the stools about her to share idle banter, as they would have had she been anyone but "that Jennings creep." Her cold fingers fumbled with her shorthand text as she rose to leave. The book itself labelled Dorcas. Who else but a 'creep' would spend the precious after-four moments at The Prince over homework?

As she turned down her own familiar avenue, Dorcas felt a faint surge of comfort flicker within her. Soon she would be home in her own room with her own books and her own music, with no eyes upon her awkwardness. At this point she heard the sound of a door slamming, and the merry whistling of "Old Rockin' Chair" over the crunch of approaching feet on the frozen walk. She lifted her eyes from their customary concentration on the untravelled ground ahead of her, and recognized Douglas Seigler, a newly returned navy veteran who had about him an air even more confident and carefree than the most assured of the high school youths, and who was adored by all the teen-agers of the town. His apparel, his mannerisms, and his easy-going slang were constantly being aped, and his presence, adult though he was, at their social activities was regarded as a boon rather than a bore. Dorcas shrank inwardly at the thought of any further embarrassing encounters; so she turned swiftly and crossed the street to her own door.

Closing it with a little sigh, she turned to mount the stairway to her sanctuary, but her foot barely rested on the bottom step when her mother burst, voice-first, from the kitchen!

"Dorcas! Is that you? For goodness sake, child, where have you been? Here I am, up to my ears in house-work. It's Monday, and you know very well I can't manage without you! Now hurry right down again! Your father's coming home for dinner an hour early and I haven't got a thing done. I really can't imagine how you spend your time. It isn't as if you chummed with the other children."

Mrs. Jennings could not understand this chronically red-faced and anti-social mouse who was her daughter. The child was pretty enough, heaven knew, with those big dark eyes and her short curling hair, fair, with auburn glints, so like her own. At least that much had been inherited from her! But the girl was pale and small for her age. Why, when she had been seventeen years old --- but there was no comparison! Henry was a good husband, but not a personality like her father. Perhaps, though, if she remained firm with the girl, a change would come!

After the evening meal, Dorcas rose to go to her room, only to be disturbed by her mother's command: "Wait, Dorcas."

"Henry, I do wish you'd speak to that girl! She hasn't been getting enough fresh air or exercise lately. All she does is brood in that room as if she grew there! I can see now that that player was a mistake, but you insist on pampering her. Mrs. Sanford was just telling me this afternoon at bridge how much rosier Angeline's been looking since the rink opened. And look at Dorcas! Why, when I was her age (Dorcas shuddered) I had lots of nice friends to spend an evening with."

"Yeah." put in her brother. "Sometimes I think she's getting queer. You know, in our psychology class..."

"There, Joseph! That will do," remonstrated Mr. Jennings. He felt a birds-of-a-feather fondness for his daughter, helpless as they both were under the suffocating cloak of his wife's brisk determination. "Well, now, Cassie, why don't you run on down to the rink for an hour or so? It'll do you good. You have been looking a bit peaked lately, you know."

"But, Dad ---"

"There's a girl. Have a good time, now," and her father, his duty done, turned hastily to the evening paper.

Dorcas did not have a good time at the rink, for the simple reason that people unmoved her. She dreaded the mortification of a chance fall in front of all that merry crowd, and she felt conspicuous in that she was the only one who never "paired off" but skated in solitary aloofness all night. Once Joe had shown his usual brotherly

sympathy by greeting her loudly with "Well, well, if it isn't the Lone Ranger out again tonight!" She was relieved that his freckled face was not among those who were on the ice tonight.

At the end of an hour, paternal duty performed, she started for the doorway, but found it blocked by Angie Sanford, whose dark head was bobbing vivaciously against the background of Douglas Seigler's bright plaid shirt. The pair seemed so absorbed in their lively discourse that Dorcas had difficulty in squeezing past them into the snowy darkness outside. As she trudged along the wooded short-cut to Main Street she tried to imagine what it would be like to be a girl like Angie, so popular and happy and contented with herself. For a moment she gave her thoughts full rein and pretty little speeches fluttered through them. "No, no, I couldn't possibly go to the party with you girls tonight. But, why don't you all come over to my house?" or "No, thank you, Cy. I have other arrangements tonight."

An untied boot lace brought her fanciful meanderings to a stop, and as she bent to adjust it, she heard the dull thud of running footsteps on the path behind her. For the second time that day, Dorcas raised her eyes to behold Douglas Seigler's rapidly advancing figure. Only, this time there was no escape. She had braced herself against too great a show of confusion, when to her dismay, Seigler addressed her first in his own mixed-up vernacular.

"Now, see here, Cas. I've had enough of this stand-offishness up with which I will not further put! What's the use of having old friends if the darned things won't even speak to you?"

"But - I.." faltered Dorcas.

"Now, don't tell me you've forgotten your old Uncle Doug!" he rambled on. "Why I used to play with you and Joey when you didn't come up to here. (He indicated a navy-serge knee) and my lil'ol' mother used to accuse me of mental cruelty because I didn't pay enough attention to my own family. And now you won't even speak to me! Gad! How callous!"

Dorcas could see nothing familiar about the frank, fun-wrinkled blue eyes, or the stray lock of wheat-

colored hair that flopped persistently on the forehead of the tall, loose-limbed fellow before her, and as for Seigler himself, his memory was not so retentive as he would have had Dorcas believe. He had noted the girl often upon the avenue, always alone, and always with the same hunted-doe expression in the great pensive eyes when they shifted from the ground to survey the passer-by. His curiosity had been aroused when, that afternoon, he had seen her enter the old Jennings' house across the street, so, that evening, he had casually asked his mother if the Jennings' still lived there. Only then had he surmised that this wistful-eyed creature and the merry little plaything of former years were one and the same person. He had felt regret at this change, wondering how it had come about, and now, seeing that his loud largeness had bewildered her, he added smilingly.

"At least you know we're neighbours, so we might as well be friends. How's school coming these days?" and he fell in step beside her.

"All right, I guess" faltered Dorcas in reply to the standard question. The warm, red sea had engulfed her as usual. Perhaps, if she walked faster the time would not seem so long.

"Is ol' Miss Greenborough still puttering around the lab?"

When Dorcas, tongue-tied, had nodded assent, he went on. "Why, she used to hammer away at me in chemistry class when I went to school. A-ah, those were the good ol' days! You know, seriously, I liked Miss Greenborough a lot. She's a mighty fine teacher, isn't she?"

And so he continued, volubly reminiscent, until Dorcas realized that her occasional nods sufficed, and that conversation was not expected of her. The tight knot in her throat relaxed as she began to listen more closely.

As they passed the local creamery, Seigler pointed to one of the cans, piled high atop a pyramid of others. The letters stood out in bold black against the bright yellow painted background; R. L. Roderick.

"Their son Cyril's in your class, isn't he? They say he's quite a scholar-- good athlete too. How about that?

I was talking to his big brother the other day, and it seems He's a pretty fair hand at sketching and the like. Used to sketch myself once, but I gave it up as a bad job. By the way, what do you do with your spare time, Cas?"

"I, - well - I read, and — and then I have my piano lessons." This seemed such a meager list, that Dorcas flushed painfully, then added vaguely, "but, I'd like to learn to sketch, too." She was instantly grateful when he apparently overlooked this rash statement by saying

"You would, eh?" and going on agreeably to other remembrance of his own schooldays in an obvious attempt to cover her embarrassment.

They reached Dorcas' doorstep just as her mother was placing the empty milk bottle for the next day's delivery outside the door.

"Well, there you are, child. What kept you? Come on in out of the cold. Hello, Douglas. A lovely night, isn't it? How has your mother been lately? I missed her at choir practice last Thursday."

Her mother's voice faded as Dorcas stumbled up the stairs to her room. How mistaken she had been to envy Angie! She, Dorcas, could never be popular, nor did she wish to be. One blush on the heels of another at her own stupid blunderings! No wonder her mother was disappointed in her! And whatever would Douglas Seigler think of such a queer, stuttering individual! Oh, to be alone! Alone, with no one to embarrass her, or stare or comment or criticize! And so, with self-abnegating thoughts raging within her, Dorcas slipped off to sleep.

On the next day, as Dorcas helped her mother with the Saturday afternoon housecleaning, she heard a knock at the back door. Pushing her dust cap further back on her head, she steeled herself for an encounter with one of Joe's pals, whom she felt sure stood outside. But there stood Douglas Seigler with two sketchbooks tucked under his arm, and an enthusiastic greeting of:

"Hi, Cas! What do you say to a little sketching trip, eh? Dress up warmly, and bring a camera, too, if you've got one. There's..."

"Oh, I couldn't!" protested Dorcas, flustered. She felt the familiar warmth creeping up from her neck until her ears glowed. At that point her mother's voice came from behind her.

"Why, hello Douglas. Yes, I'm sure Dorcas would love to go on a sketching trip. Run along upstairs, dear, and put on your red parka. It's the warmest. I'll fix a thermos of hot chocolate."

"But, mother, I'd rather..." began Dorcas.

"Run along, Dorcas" said Mrs. Jennings in her firmest tone.

"Isn't it rather cold for a sketching trip?" ventured Dorcas timidly as they turned down the avenue towards main street.

"Well, no, not if you keep moving, and I always light a bon-fire while I sketch. As a matter of fact, I prefer these winter trips to the summer ones. Now you take a good winter scene - more invigorating! Don't tell me I've got a lily on my hands."

"I was just wondering," Dorcas replied, red-faced.

So they tramped on, past the Dime Store on the corner, past the billiard hall across the street, past the Canadian National Railway Station House, and the sign at the town limits which read: "Visit the Prince for Courtesy and Service."

This was the first of several trips Dorcas and Douglas Seigler made into the gently rolling fields which surrounded the little town. Each time they brought their sketching pads, and a camera. Each time they found some new beauty. Dorcas loved the quiet, lonely fields, and the white silence, unbroken by the querulous quibbling voices of human beings. Seigler was a patient teacher, cajoling and coaxing, ("That's an excellent sketch, Dorcas, but look here at the annex on your grain elevator. Now look at the real one. See!") smiling, and encouraging he was, with his gentle humor and calm persistence, a teacher of human nature. Dorcas slowly began to realize that this kindly fellow, the first adult who had shown any actual interest in her, was the most understanding

person she had ever met. Her cloak of self-consciousness fell away in his presence, "Doug, what would you do here?" or "Guess what Doug. I sketched Miss Greenborough in Chem!"

Spring came, and the ice on the river melted, and Dorcas was happy in anticipation of all the trips she and Doug would be able to make into the browning countryside. The geese flew overhead, their honking barely audible to the pair standing on the crocus-covered hill below. What if she weren't as popular as Angie Sanford! What if she weren't stocking up invitations to the "At Home." She'd rather go sketching with Doug than go to a silly old graduation dance anyway. Not even to herself would Dorcas have admitted just how much the dance did mean to her, for it was her final term at Strathearn High, and for a grad to miss the "At Home" which was the name given to the graduating exercises was positively unthinkable.

That evening, her mother approached her with "Dorcas, I'm afraid you'll have to see that Joey gets to bed by ten tonight. Your father's taking me to the movies, and there'll be no one here but you."

"Oh. -- Does father know yet?" Dorcas was so absorbed in her sketching that the words slipped out before she realized it. She blushed furiously, and added vaguely -- "I mean -- are you sure?"

Her mother's puzzled voice reflected her own shock. "What do you mean 'does father know yet?' Really, Dorcas! I don't know just what's got into you lately!"

Dorcas didn't know either. Just last week, when she had entered Room Two, again in time to hear Angie Sanford conclude, "And guess who walked her to school this morning? Cy and Bill! Yes, it looks like our little moth is finally coming out of her cocoon," she had remarked in a most un-Dorcas-like fashion

"Why Angie, I didn't know you took Biology!"

But the morning that Dorcas officially "arrived", she had been labouring over a Latin exercise, her pencil tracing thought patterns on the edge of her text. She looked up to see Cy Roderick standing beside her desk,

fidgeting through his slim length, and studying the

blackboard just above her head. His brown eyes held a worried expression, and he seemed at a loss for words to express himself. She had flushed habitually, and then turned to stare, amazed, at what the tall, squirming youth was saying.

"Well, you see - uh .. Now the way things are - Well - uh Dorcas would you like to go to the dance with me? (this in a rush) I know it's going to be spiffy, and I'm not much of a dancer, but.... "

The pink cloud settled down, and Dorcas had not heard the rest. She recalled however, that Cy Roderick, swaggering athlete, and crusher of hearts, had blushed and stammered in a manner which would have out-done Dorcas in her prime.

Doug Seigler had shown his pleasure at her success characteristically. "Well, I suppose ol' Uncle Doug will have to take a back seat now, eh Chile? Aah, curse the pain of an aching heart! Fickle, fickle maiden! Go from my sight!" Then, suddenly in a graver mood, he had added "And Cas, there are some kinds of problems that - well, we can only lick 'em by ourselves. Just don't forget, will you, old pal, that problems are solved in life."

Her parents were equally pleased, although Mr. Jennings, at least, was quite frankly puzzled.

"I can't understand it," he murmured. "Dorcas used to be so - well - different! And then, all of a sudden ---?"

"Beats me!" said Joe agreeably.

"Nonsense," stated Mrs. Jennings decisively. "It just goes to show what a little firmness will do in the long run. --- Henry! For heaven's sake! Didn't I tell you to go down and turn the water up?"

(Opposite)

COMING OFF SHIFT, by Patricia Davie, Luscar.



Administrative Section, Correspondence School Branch, Department of Education, Edmonton.

Left to right — Top row: Louise Leitch, Robinette Johnson, Armande Sylvestre, Gladys Moore, Mary Sorochan, Norma Bruce, Elsie Oeming, Noreen Olive. Second row: Alfred Forall, Hazel Mansell, Yoshiye Iwashita, Marion Kokatavish, Cassie Sirman, Mona Miller, Stella Billows, Tania Rowanovsky, Elaine MacLeod, Doreen Brown, Peggy Moorhouse, Ruth Heslep, Lorraine Bumstead, Ann Sona, Eleanor Hetherington. Third row: Grace Carlaw, Dorothy Campbell, J. Kidd, Mildred Burzinski, Vesta Fagan, Martha Steinko, Edna Thomlison, Miriam Williams, Helen Wakaryk. Bottom row: Vera Mikkelson, Vera Jensen, Gwen Syrington, Ethel Dickson, Eunice Odden, Clara Hughes, Helen Bailey.



The Little Lesson's Story

The little lesson felt Johnny Jones pencil make a final period on his last page. Then he heard Johnny say, happily,

"Finished at last!"

The little lesson began to flutter with excitement as Johnny slid him into a big brown envelope, glancing at the address card to see if the address of the Correspondence School was showing through the little window.

Carefully tucked under Johnny's arm, the little lesson felt himself carried to the truck that belonged to Johnny's father. Mr. Jones was going to town for supplies and Johnny with him to post his lesson to the Correspondence School in Edmonton.

The little lesson felt very cosy and happy under Johnny's arm as the truck rumbled along the highway.

It wasn't long before he felt the truck stop and Johnny jump out and run into the Post Office.

"Well, Johnny," said Mr. Brown the Postmaster, smiling, "so you've started School by post, eh? I've a hunch that your first lesson is going to come back with an 'A' or two." Johnny smiled. "Oh! I do hope so," he said.

The little lesson puffed himself out so much that he nearly burst his envelope.

"Goodbye and good luck," whispered Johnny, as Mr. Brown tossed the little lesson into a mail bag marked EDMONTON.

It wasn't long before the little lesson felt the mail bag lifted up, put into another truck and finally into the train.

My! how he rustled about in his envelope and sighed with impatience while the train puffed its way to the big city.

At last, the little lesson arrived at the General Post Office in Edmonton and was dumped, with lots of other brown envelopes and parcels, into a big mail bag.

Then, he was whisked away in a truck to the Government Buildings. There he was put into another mail bag and, at last, found himself at the Correspondence School.

The little lesson went bumpety-bump against his fellows as the mail bag was dragged along the floor to the sorting room.



He listened carefully and heard someone loosening the strong cord. At last the mail bag was opened and the lesson heard someone say: -

"How many bags of mail today, Alfred?"

"Twelve, Helen."

Then -- whoosh! Upside down went the mail bag and out tumbled all the large brown envelopes onto the table.



"Ouch! Mind my head!" shouted the little lesson crossly. "I wonder if Alfred really likes little lessons like me?"

But Alfred was too busy with the next mail bag to hear him.

The little lesson's ruffled feelings were soon smoothed out again as hands picked him up and put him with a pile of other lessons onto another table.

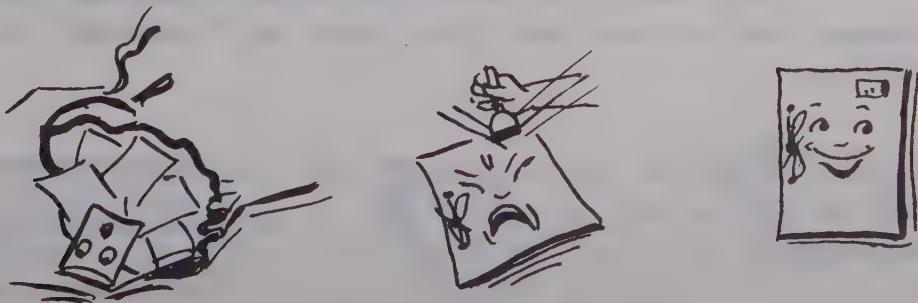
"I wonder what is going to happen next?" whispered the little lesson. "It's about time they took some notice of me."

He was soon to know, for his envelope was removed and -- Bang! Down on his front page came the date stamp!



"Hi!" he shouted, "what do you think you are doing?" But the girl with the date stamp was far too busy to hear him.

Then he saw someone writing his date of entry on a card. He felt so important that he forgot all about the bad treatment he had suffered a few moments before. He puffed out his front page so that all the world could see his name and file number.



"I'm a fine fellow," he puffed. "Soon they will really know my worth." And up flew his top page in excitement.

"I can hardly wait till the teacher sees me. Is she ever going to be surprised when she reads the splendid words that Johnny put on me!"

Just then a pair of slim arms surrounded the big pile of lessons and up, up the stairs they went.

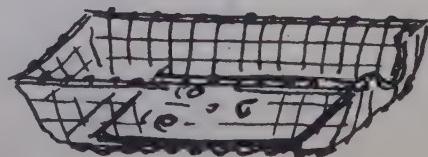


"Ugh! she's squeezing me," he groaned as he struggled for breath.

Then once again he felt himself dumped down onto a table. This time it was the grade supervisor who began sorting the lessons and the little lesson finally came to rest on a teacher's desk.

When the teacher saw him her eyes lit up. "A lesson from Johnny Jones at last!" she said. "I was beginning to wonder when he would start work."

"Yes, and I'm sure you will find me the finest lesson you've ever set your eyes on," shouted the little fellow.



But the teacher paid no attention. In fact, she seemed not to hear. The little lesson was placed in its right order in a basket, and there he stayed for three whole days. He was beginning to get impatient and felt just about ready to curl up in disgust.

"My goodness!" he muttered, "there must be at least a hundred lessons ahead of me!"

At last, however, he felt himself lifted out of the basket. Then, the teacher spread him out on the desk. She looked at him quite eagerly. The little lesson was so nervous and fluttery that he couldn't keep his pages flat. Try as he would they kept flipping up at the corners and slipping around on the desk top.

"What's wrong with these pages?" muttered the teacher. "There must be a wind coming in the window."

While she was fixing the window, the little lesson had time to calm himself down.

"Why get all nervous -- silly!" he said to himself. "You know you're the best lesson she's ever seen!"

The teacher then began to mark him. He watched the



red pencil following the words across the pages. Some fine remarks were put on the first few pages. "Ah, this is a cinch," chuckled the lesson. But now the teacher began to frown. The lesson began to feel a little un-

comfortable. Maybe, he wasn't so good after all. However, he brightened up a little when he saw the teacher's eyes light up again.

"What a good drawing!" she exclaimed. "I think Johnny Jones is going to be clever with his hands."

"Johnny has done some good work," the teacher went on to say, "but he must keep his pages cleaner."

Then, she turned to the report page and began to write on it. The little lesson began to flutter again. He felt the pen make C's and B's, but, oh dear! no H's, not even A's. The little lesson's heart sank. He felt, oh, so flat. In fact he very nearly shed a paper tear.

It was a very humble little lesson that was put in the wire basket on the teacher's desk, ready to be collected once more.

Soon, however, his spirits rose and he began to talk to himself again.

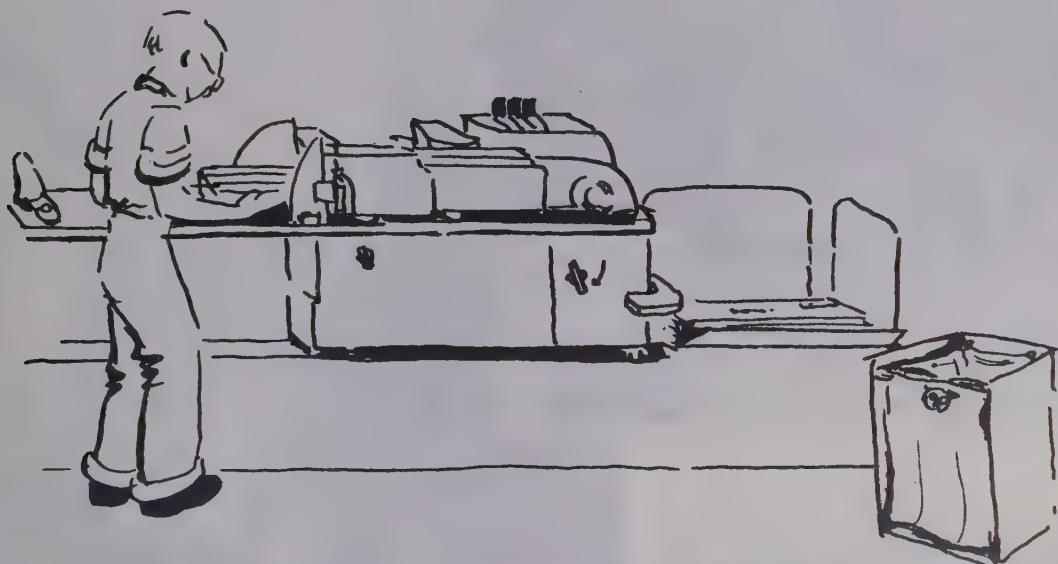
"Conceited thing!" he said, "thinking I was such a fine lesson. How could I expect to be when I am the first one that Johnny has done!" Of course, each lesson he does will be better than the one before. At least I have a few nice remarks to carry back. That's something." He sniffed twice and felt better.



A pair of arms soon picked up the pile of lessons, and down, down the stairs he went.

Our lesson soon found himself on a table once more and there he lay patiently while someone looked at his report form and copied down all that the teacher had written about him on a card.

Then into a crisp new envelope he slid and was whisked away to Henry, the man with the stamping machine.



Bang-bang-bang! went the stamping machine, on the corner of the envelope. This time the little lesson didn't mind so much for he knew he was well on the way back to Johnny.

Into the mail bag he went once more, then, into the truck and onto the train.

"Puff, Puff, Puff!" chugged the train. "Clang, clang" went the bell. "Goodbye Edmonton," called our lesson. "This has been a great week."

He stretched his pages, smoothed out his wrinkles and settling down fell fast asleep.

1

HOW A COURSE IS MADE

1. The course is written by a teacher.



2. Each page is typed on an aluminum "plate".

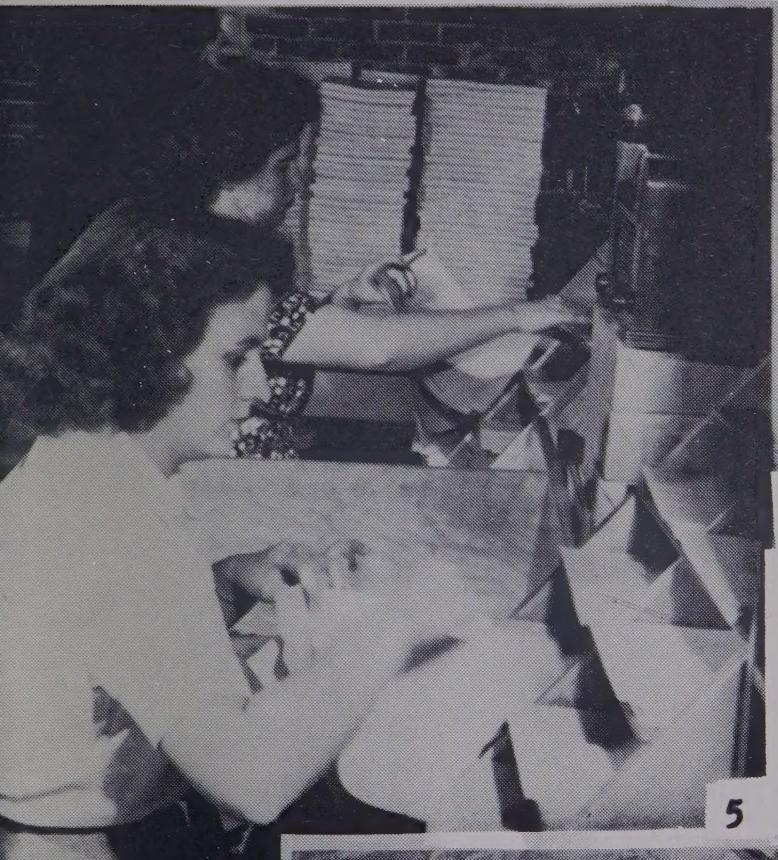
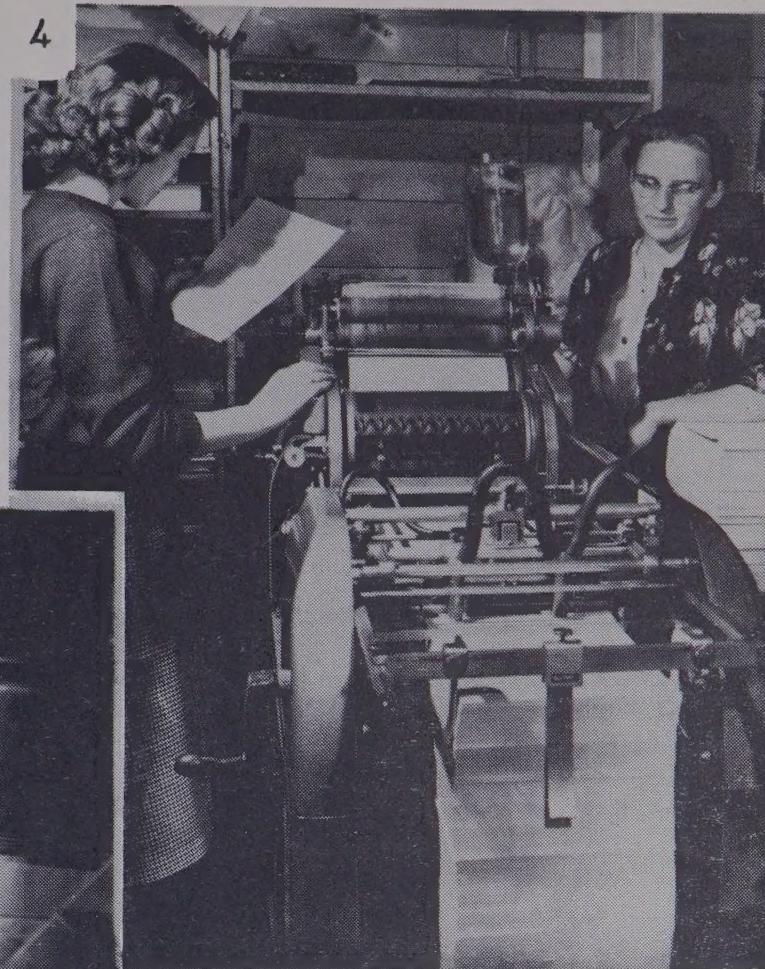


3. Plates are proof-read to avoid errors.

2



4. Machines use the plates to print the course on paper.
5. Courses are assembled by having the printed pages arranged in order. A stapler to wire pages together and a drill to punch loose-leaf holes are in background.



6. Courses have rough edges trimmed and are packaged and stamped for mailing to students.





